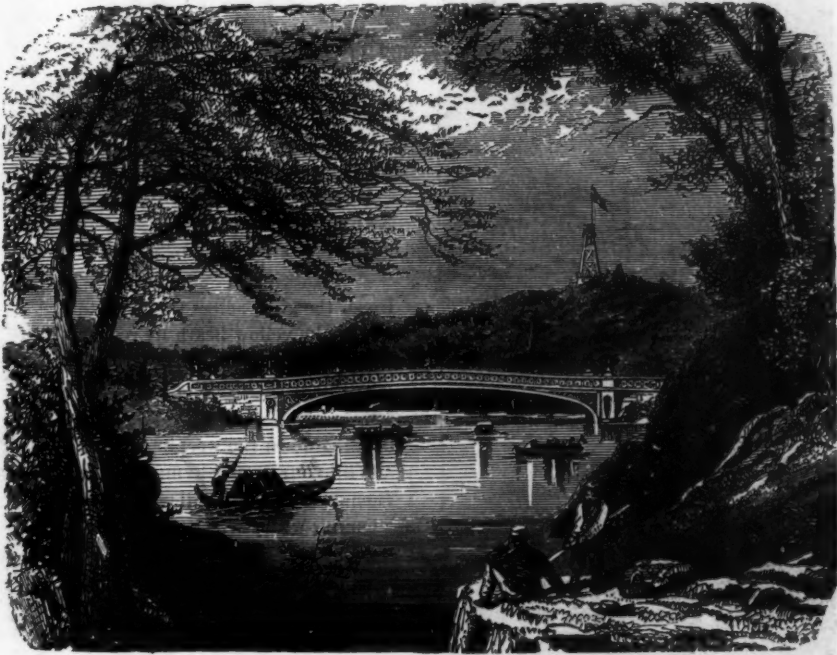


NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1879.

SUMMER WITH THE POETS.



THEY come! the merry Summer months, of beauty, song, and flowers.
They come! the gladsome months, that bring thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling task and care aside,
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand;
And like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;
It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee;
And mark how with thine own thin locks,—they now are silvery gray,—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering "Be gay."

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.



SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

UP the dale and down the bourne,
O'er the meadows swift we fly;
Now we sing and now we mourn,
Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy fringed river,
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep,
Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing—
At the frolic things we say,
While aside her cheek we're rushing,
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass,—
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam,
Whirling round about the fountain,
Till 'tis little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,
While our vesper hymns we sigh;
Then unto our rosy pillows
On our weary wings we hie.

Then of idlenesses dreaming,
Scarce from waking we refrain,
Moments long as ages deeming,
Till we're at our play again.

GEORGE DARLEY.

THE BREATH OF SUMMER.

O WIND, soft wind of Summer,
What hast thou borne away?
A burden of love and longing,
The dream of a golden day.

The murmurs of passionate voices,
The exquisite perfume pressed
From the heart of the rose that nestled
In the beloved one's breast.

Temple Bar.

THE STORY OF A SUMMER DAY.

O PERFECT light, which shaid away
The darkness from the light,
And set a ruler o'er the day,
Another o'er the night.

Thy glory when the day forth flies
More vividly does appear,
Than at midday unto our eyes
The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon
Removes and draws by,
While in the East, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky.

The golden globe incontinent
Sets up his shining head,
And o'er the earth and firmament
Displays his beams abroad.

For joy the birds with boulder
throats
Against his visage sheen,
Take up their kindly music notes
In woods and gardens green.

The dew upon the tender crops
Like pearls white and round,
Or like to melted silver drops
Refreshes all the ground.

Calm is the deep and purple sea,
Yea, smoother than the sand;
The waves that weltering wont to be
Are stable like the land.

So silent is the cassile air,
That every cry and call,
The hills and dells and forest fair
Again repeats them all.

The clogged busy humming bee,
That never thinks to drone,
On flowers and flourishes of trees,
Collect their liquid brown.

The sun most like a speedy post,
With ardent course ascends;
The beauty of the heavenly host
Up to the zenith tends.

The burning beams down from his
face
So fervently can beat,
That man and beast now seek a place
To save them from the heat.

The herds beneath some leafy tree,
Amidst the flowers they lie;
The stable ships upon the sea
Turn up their sails to dry.

The noon is went, gone is midday.
The heat does slake at last,
The sun descends down west away,
For three o'clock is past.

The rayons of the sun we see
Diminish in their strength;
The shade of every tower and tree
Extended is in length.

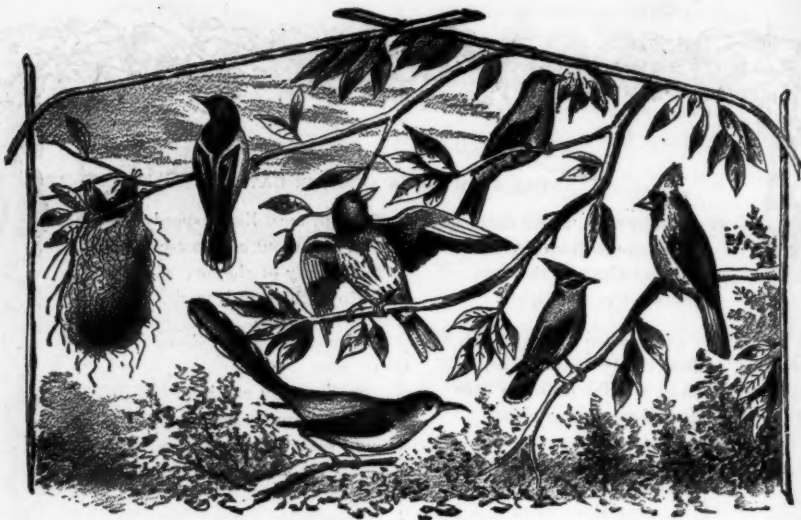
The gloaming comes, the day is spent
The sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident
With purple sanguine bright.

What pleasure were to walk and see
Along the river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear.

Oh, then it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing
With cornet and with shalm.

All laborers draw home at even,
And can to others say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heav'n
Which sent this Summer day.

ALEXANDER HUME.



NATURE'S ORCHESTRA.

EVERY copse

Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
 And woodlark, o'er the kind-contending throng,
 Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
 Of notes;
 The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
 The merry bullfinch answers from the grove;
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Poured out profusely, silent; joined to these
 Innumerable songsters in the freshening shade
 Of new Spring leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert; while the stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur through the whole.

JAMES THOMSON.

COME to these scenes of peace,
 Where to rivers murmuring,
 The sweet birds all Summer sing,
 Where cares and toils and sadness cease.

Thee the stream that gushes clear,
 Thee the birds that carol near,
 Shall soothe, as silent thou dost lie
 And dream of their wild lullaby.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THE DEW-DROP.

SEE how the Orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
(Yet careless of its mansion new
For the clear region where 't was born),
Round in itself incloses;
And in its little globe's extent
Frames as it can its little element.

How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere;
Restless it rolls and insecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure,
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the sky exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green,
And recollecting its own light,
Does in its pure and circling thoughts express
The greater heaven in a heaven less,

In how coy a figure wound
Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day,
Dark beneath but bright above,
Here disdaining, there in love.
How loose and easy thence to go!

How girt and ready to ascend!
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upward bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distill,
White and entire, although congealed and
chill,
Congealed on earth, but does dissolving run,
Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

ANDREW MARVELL.



THE GREENWOOD.

O, WHEN 't is Summer weather,
And the yellow bee with fairy sound,
The water clear is humming round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green,—
O, then 't is sweet, in some retreat,
To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we love,
And to wind through the greenwood to-
gether. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But Winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But Winter and rough weather.

SHAKESPEARE.





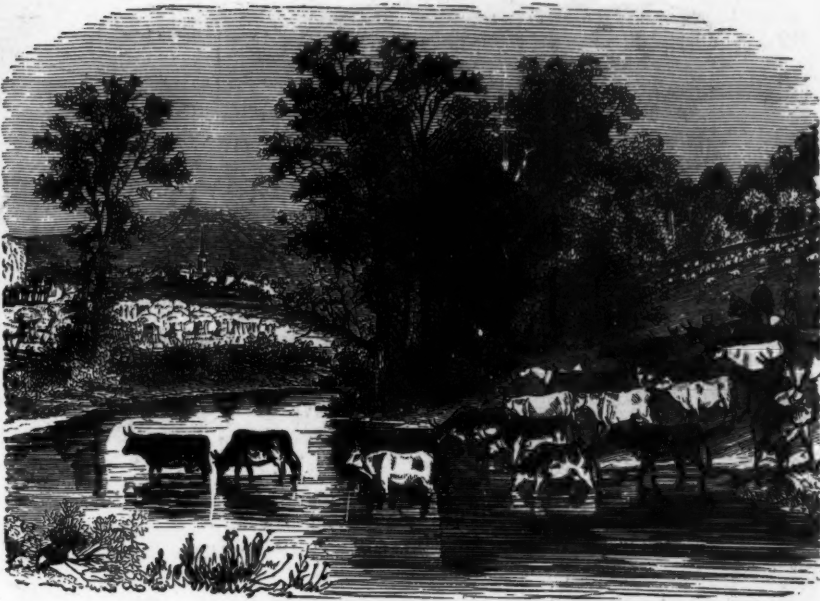
SUMMER EVENING.

'T is past, the sultry tyrant of the South
 Has spent his short-lived rage; more grateful hours
 Move silent on; the skies no more repel
 The dazzled sight, but, with mild maiden beams
 Of tempered luster, court the cherished eye
 To wander o'er their sphere; where, hung aloft,
 Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow,
 New strung in heaven, lifts its beamy horns,
 Impatient for the night, and seems to push
 Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines
 Even in the eye of day; with sweetest beam
 Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
 Of softened radiance with her dewy locks.
 The shadows spread apace; while meekened Eve,
 Her cheeks yet warm with blushes, slow retires
 Through the Hesperian gardens of the West,
 And shuts the gates of Day.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Low in the utmost boundary of the sight,
 The rising vapors catch the silver light;
 Thence fancy measures, as they parting fly,
 Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
 Passing the source of light; and thence away,
 Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
 For yet above these wafted clouds are seen
 (In a remoter sky still more serene)
 Others, detached in ranges through the air,
 Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair;
 Scattered immensely wide from east to west,
 The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest,
 These to the raptured mind aloud proclaim
 Their mighty Shepherd's everlasting name.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.



SUMMER MORNING.

Ah! who the melodies of morn can tell?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
 The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried,
 In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
 The hum of bees, the linnets' lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrims bark;
 Crowned with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings;
 The whistling plowman stalks afield, and hark,
 Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings.
 Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
 Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hours;
 The partridge bursts away on whirling wings;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bowers,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial towers.

JAMES BEATTIE.

When through the dark soil the bright steel of the plow,
 Turns the mold from its unbroken bed,
 The plowman is cheered by the finch on the bough,
 And the blackbird doth follow his trend.
 And idle afar on the landscape descried,
 The deeping-lowning kine slowly graze,
 And nibbling the grass on the sunny hill-side
 Are the sheep hedged away from the maize.

WILLIAM W. FOSDICK.



How fine has the day been! how bright was the sun!
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
 Though he rose in a mist when his course he begun,
 And there followed some droppings of rain.
 But now the fair traveler comes to the west,
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
 He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest
 And fortells a bright rising again.

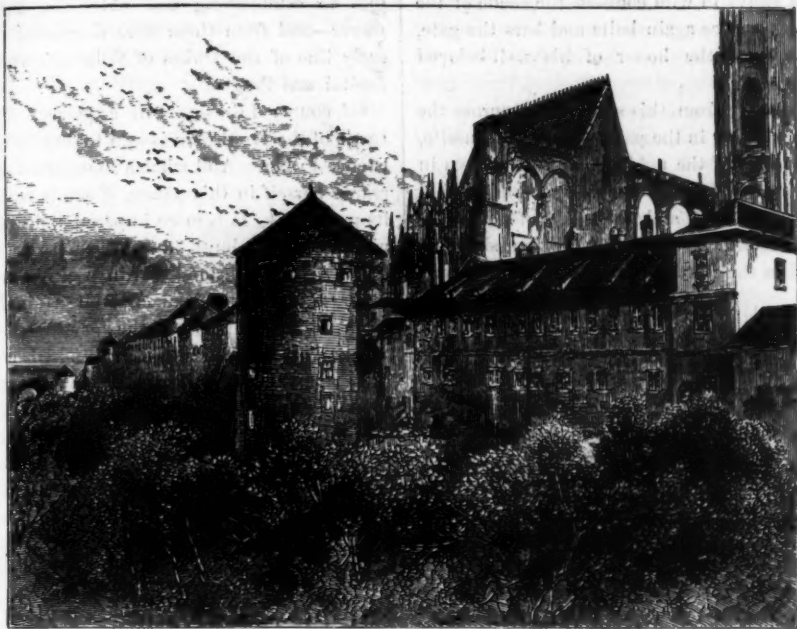
ISAAC WATTS.

O HESPERUS! thou bringest all good things,—
 Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
 To the young bird the parent's brooding wing,
 The welcome stall to the o'er-labored steer;
 Whate'er of peace about our hearth-stone clings,
 Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
 Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
 Thou bringest the child, too, to the mother's breast.
 Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
 Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay,
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
 Ah surely nothing dies but something mourns.

LORD BYRON.



THE CITY OF PRAGUE.*



THE HRADSCIN AND CATHEDRAL OF ST. VITUS.

WHO has not heard of Prague, the picturesque city of Bohemia? Reader, if you have never been there, have never had a friend, appreciative of Prague's attractions, who visited it and told you of its thousand and one wonders, or have never yourself read of the place for which alone the immortal Italian bard Petrarch could have been induced to exchange his beloved Vaucluse, because Prague alone in all Europe could lay claim to that external beauty which was so characteristic of his own dwelling place, then I must say with poor Jeff Prowse:

"The person I pity, who knows not the city—
The beautiful city of Prague!"

The old German town of Nuremberg, with its narrow, winding streets and pictur-

esque houses has become a synonym for quaintness. Within its walls the Goths and old Teutons seem to have left their last impress. Ruins of a past age are all about it. Architectural fancies of well-nigh forgotten ages here alone still linger undisturbed. People and town alike remind us that the past is yet about us. But even Nuremberg, museum as it is of German antiquities and Teuton idiosyncrasies, which are so striking to its offspring of to-day, has not greater attractions than proud, venerable, old Prague, Bohemia's capital, so famous for near a thousand years, as the birthplace and scene of many a political, religious, and literary struggle.

Standing on the eastern bank of the Moldau, by the Altstädter *Brücken-thurm*, the old Town Bridge Tower, and looking over to the Hradscin, perched against the rocky heights of the western bank, centuries of German story pass in array before us again—
"The lonely hills re-echo with the tramp of armed men."

*Rewritten from the *Magazine of Art*, published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, of London, to whose kindness we are indebted for the illustrations herein used and which were in the original article of the magazine in June last year.

We seem to hear the rush across the bridge, the hurried call to arms, the boom of cannon, and the beat of drum, and as a phantom host sways in wild conflict, the shade of the Jesuit novice again bolts and bars the gate, and saves the honor of his well-beloved Prague.

Looking from this stand-point across the river, taking in the palaces of the Kleinseite, the abode of the nobility, as the sun sets in his regal shroud of purple and gold behind the Hradschin, and the spire of St. Vitus stands clear against the celadon sky, one realizes the words of Longfellow :

“ Hold your tongues, both Suanbian and Saxon,
A bold Bohemian cries,
‘ If there ’s a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.’ ”

Prague's early history goes back to the times when fact and fancy yet freely intermingled. More than a thousand years ago, so tradition says, and legend writes, Libussa, an Amazonian heroine, who united in her person the character of soldier and priestess, selected this place for the beginning of an empire. She cut away the forest and established her residence on a rocky precipice, which she fortified. Sensual and capricious, she selected her lovers from among her followers and dependents. She soon tired of them, and as soon as her fancy changed, she caused the discarded favorite to be thrown from the rocky heights of her castle to the stony base below, and immediately installed a new candidate in her favor. The rocky base goes even now by the name of Libussa's bed. Finally her fancy chose a young peasant, afterwards called Premislal, who knew how to fasten her affections and curb her wandering fancies. He made himself her master, as well by the skillful management of her affections as by the force of his will—and in her name and ostensibly by her, he laid out the beginning of Prague on the rocky heights, which now form part of it—and she, in his presence, surrounded by the subordinate leaders of her people, in the double character of queen and priestess, with sibylline frenzy and stirring eloquence, prophesied the future greatness, fame, and glory of the infant city, which she then

called by its present name Prague, said to be significant of its position and hilly grades. She and Premislal devoted their united energies to establishing and extending their power—and from them were descended the early line of the Dukes of Bohemia, whose capital was Prague.

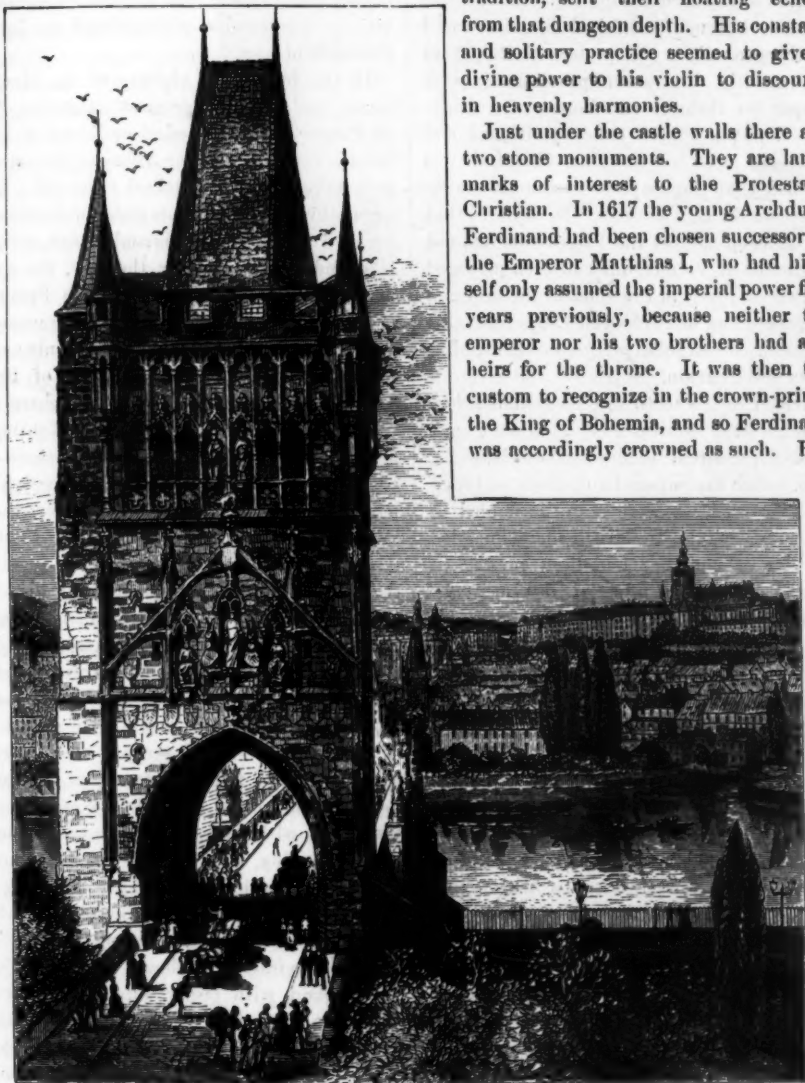
Of course Libussa built a palace. The castle of the Hradschin is said to owe its existence to her. And what a monument she reared herself in this palace, if she is really its projector! It is more imperial and magnificent than almost any other castle in Europe. In style and air, in position and outlook, in its artificial as well as in its natural surroundings it is the very *beau-ideal* of a royal residence. Four hundred and forty apartments make up its interior accommodations. Their riches can not be told in words. There are the strong contrasts of the old crown chamber, with its floors of polished oak, its minstrels' gallery, its many-coned ceiling, and the low-browed room of the senators with its red brick floor and diminutive closet and its windows that look far over city and plain. But what is this beauty within when compared with the beauty without. As we look down from the castle stairs, while the moon silvers the river flood, and lights stream from myriad casements, and the sixty spires of the city, resting at our feet on the right bank of the Moldau stand like sentries, as if to tell of bygone wars, of Hussite, of Jesuit, of Gustavus Adolphus, of John George of Saxony, of Frederick the Great, of Charles of Lorraine, one feels a charm like that by which Heine's Fisherman was entranced when he looked from his little craft in the Rhine up to the rocky cliffs of Lorelei.

There is many a queer place connected with the Hradschin, whose story is worth knowing. Its towers and dungeons could tell much of mediæval tyranny and cruelty, the white, or round tower, in which criminals were thrown and starved to death, the square, or black tower, where criminals, after having been tortured, were, without trial, forced into the embrace of the iron girl—an image in the dress and appearance of an agreeable maid, which, as soon as touched,

threw out arms and clasped the victim to a bloody death upon the sharp spikes which bristled beneath its dress; and the tower of the Daliborka, in whose two dungeons above ground the sun never shines, and whose walls are furnished with only chains and bars and ring-bolts. The trap-door, raised by a pulley at the ceiling, is the only ingress—there was no egress except to die—to

a subterranean dungeon ninety feet deep, to the bottom of which the criminal was lowered by a rope. It takes its name from Dalibor, a knight who was immured there and was allowed to take with him his violin. It was his only resource and amusement. An accomplished performer, when he entered that dreadful pit, his soul was soon wrapped up in the instrument, and seraphic strains, says tradition, sent their floating echoes from that dungeon depth. His constant and solitary practice seemed to give a divine power to his violin to discourse in heavenly harmonies.

Just under the castle walls there are two stone monuments. They are landmarks of interest to the Protestant Christian. In 1617 the young Archduke Ferdinand had been chosen successor to the Emperor Matthias I, who had himself only assumed the imperial power five years previously, because neither the emperor nor his two brothers had any heirs for the throne. It was then the custom to recognize in the crown-prince the King of Bohemia, and so Ferdinand was accordingly crowned as such. But



CARLSBRIDGE AND TOWER.

the young prince was a devout Roman Catholic, while Bohemia, the home of Huss and of Jerome of Prague, was to a considerable extent Protestant. Ruler and subject had in many instances little interest in each other, and from mere difference of religious opinion arose many causes for public strife and rebellious and tyrannic actions. Thus in 1618 Protestants residing within the jurisdiction of the archbishop of Prague, saw one of their but newly finished churches razed to the ground on the pretext that only in the strictly Protestant provinces was it proper for them to rear houses of worship. The deputies of the states petitioned and protested. All was in vain. Finally it was learned that the emperor was not alone responsible for this severity. It was told that the decision against the Protestants had not originated at Vienna, but had been prepared in Prague itself, in the office of the imperial governors, and more especially superintended by the two Catholic privy-counselors, Martinitz and Shavata.

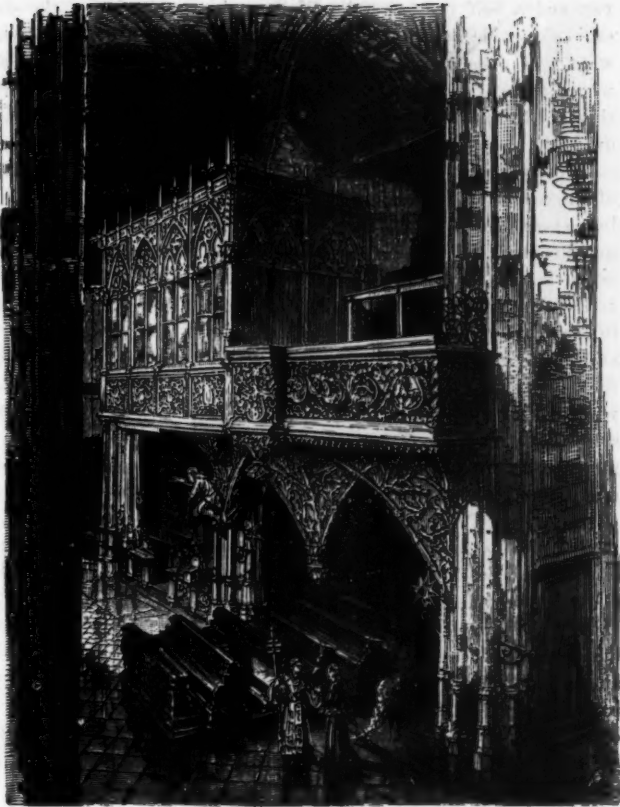
Armed to the teeth the over-excited deputies of the states, now indignant and furious, presented themselves on May 23, 1618, before the imperial governors, and such of the council as were there assembled in the council-hall of the castle, and demanded whether or not they had been present in council when the imperial document in question, so harshly and inimically worded, had been deliberated upon, and if they had voted for it? And when the governors replied that in order to decide upon the answer to be given to such an important question, it would be necessary to have the presence of the absent members of the council, several of the deputies, exasperated beyond control, rushed upon Counts Martinitz and Shavata, and their secretary Fabricius, who was known to be their sycophant, dragged them to the very window in the center of the room and thence ejected them by an involuntary "header" of some eighty feet. Wonderful to relate, however, though the height is a dizzy one as we look up from the landmark to the window whence they were thrown, they escaped unscathed, save for a shaking. Their eminences alighted

on an unsavory midden, kindly breaking the fall of Fabricius, who was ejected last, in their distinguished persons. For this the emperor, who had a pleasant humor, created the secretarial martyr Graf von Hohenfull, in plain English, Count of Somersault. Great events from trifling causes spring, and this very scene led to the Thirty Years' War, the siege of the Elector of Saxony, and the subsequent capture and plunder of the old city by the Swedes, which closed the long chronicle of war.

In the immediate vicinity of the Hradschin, and of next greatest attraction in all Prague, is the cathedral or church of St. Vitus—the Westminster Abbey of Bohemia. It is more than five hundred years old. To say nothing of its glorious exterior, battered by shell and siege, its Slavonic dome, spirelets, and spires—and, by the way, the numerous domes and turrets in which Prague abounds give it a semi-oriental appearance—there are untold remarkable monuments and shrines and chapels,—the oratory of the successor to the blind old king who charged the English ranks, and "foremost fighting fell,"—Francis Joseph, King of Bohemia—with its lattices, its richly carved gallery, with strange stalactite pendent cover, the kneeling figure of John Nepomuc, which seems, in its humility, incessantly to repeat the old motto of the kingdom, "Ich dien" (I serve). Near is the royal mausoleum with its recumbent effigies, its figures grouped around, some the captives of their bows and spears, whilst in advance of all, Christ, the King, banner in hand, meekly bows, as if saying humbly, "I, too, serve." The artist who designed all this was a true poet. Then there is the chapel of Saint Wenzel, or Wenceslas, with its door to which the strong and heavy ring, with a lion's head, like an immense old-fashioned knocker, is still hanging. To this ring, more than nine hundred years ago, the martyr-king clung, as he fell the victim to fratricidal blows. This chapel's walls, inlaid with jasper, onyx, and amethyst, are a glorious sight of gems. The statue of the saint himself was cast by Vischer of Nuremberg, from cannon taken from the Hussites. In this same cathedral of St.

Vitus there is the silver tomb of Saint John Nepomuc, the patron saint of Prague. The body of the saint, taken up after three hundred and thirty-six years, reposes in a coffin of solid silver. It is covered by a baldachin, supported at the four corners by angels, also of silver. Silver candelabra stand by it, and the hanging lamps which light it are all of silver. The whole weight of silver is three million seven hundred pounds. It constitutes a very striking monument—one of the most remarkable in Europe. The tongue of the saint which would not reveal the queen's confession, is kept in a cut-glass vase, and is now as fresh as it was a hundred years ago!

Near to this shrine—one of the richest and most showy in the world—are also some very interesting monumental sculptures, and the tombs of many royal and noble persons. But the church is not only a temple of fame for the great Bohemian dead, it is quite an old curiosity shop besides. There is here a curious representation of the whole city of Prague, with the triumphant entry of Maximilian, all cut from one piece of wood. There is a model of the original tower of the church before its destruction by the great fire of 1541. There is a representation in sculpture of the sacking of the church in 1619 by Frederic. But its most valuable relic of antiquity is a portion—a triangular foot—of a candelabrum, which is reputed to come from Solomon's temple at Jerusalem. Titus, they say, took it to Rome, and the Crusaders to Milan, and on a divi-



EMPEROR'S ORATORY—CATHEDRAL OF ST. VITUS.

sion of the plunder of Milan, seven hundred years ago, was obtained by the king of Bohemia, and given to this church. This relic of the East may not be quite as ancient as the devoted of St. Vitus would have us believe, but a relic of olden times it undoubtedly is, and a remarkable one at that.

In the immediate vicinity of the Hradschin, about its foot, along the river bank, lies the *Kleinseite*, that portion of Prague in which are the grand palaces of the nobles, the museums, galleries, libraries, and monasteries. In the Lobkowitz palace there is a library of twenty thousand volumes; in the Kinsky palace forty thousand volumes are housed, and in the Strahon monastery fifty thousand books. One of the most historic places of interest in the *Kleinseite* is the palace of Albrecht von Wallenstein. After

two and a half centuries the Wallensteins still take pride in maintaining undisturbed what was once the dwelling-place of him whom the world remembers as the hero of the Thirty Years' War and of Schiller's drama.

In order to get from this ancient portion of Prague to its business world and laboring classes, the river must be crossed. The usual route is the Karlsbrücke. This bridge is a striking object, but more for its solidity and strength than for its beauty. From it, in various directions, the eye takes in Prague and its environs. The river sweeps through the town in the form of a crescent, which, while it leaves in sight from the Karlsbridge all the islands, brings into the panorama most interesting views on both banks. It is not without a show of truth at least, that the citizens of Prague insist that, seen from the bridge, especially, it is unequaled by any city in Europe. Had Bohemia maintained her separate independence, and preserved a throne and a court, whose royal memories and national glories had centered in Prague and fertilized it by regal munificence and courtly splendors, it must have been without a parallel!

Standing on the sidewalks of the Karlsbrücke, you have but to ask the history and

meaning of the strange objects which seem to cluster about you, and stories of romantic and legendary lore, of history and fable and fiction, might while away the livelong day. On its twin towers which flank it are inscriptions and blazonry which declare the past glories of Bohemia. The defense of the bridge of Garigliano against two hundred Spanish cavalry by the Chevalier Bayard alone does not equal the valor and civic devotion of George Plachy, who, when the bridge was about to be crossed by two thousand five hundred Swedes, victorious thus far, rushed out of the college, and with three soldiers and a handful of students and the portcullis, which he instantly let fall, defended the bridge and saved the town. The bridge is surmounted by twenty-eight statues, prominent among which is that of the Saint Nepomuc, with its altar and the five stars on the parapet that recall the legend of the lights that hovered over the spot where the à Becket of Bohemia lay at rest beneath the waters of the Moldau. They have always had a way of their own of settling difficult personal questions in Prague, which has been resorted to so often that it is called the "Bohemian fashion"—it is to pitch your adversary out of the window, or off a precipice or a bridge—a kind of quickstep extempore, Tarpeian end to controversy—

perhaps derived from the mode in which Libussa disposed of her lovers.

A little less than five hundred years ago King Wenzel had, or fancied he had, some reason to doubt his young and beautiful queen; and so, as a short way to learn the truth, he sent for her confessor, and ordered him to reveal her secrets. John Nepomuc remonstrated with his royal master against the sacrilegious demand, but the king was positive, prompt, and inexorable, and when the priest as positively and inflexibly refused to be guilty of such an act of infamy and treachery, the Lord's anointed pitched the priest head-

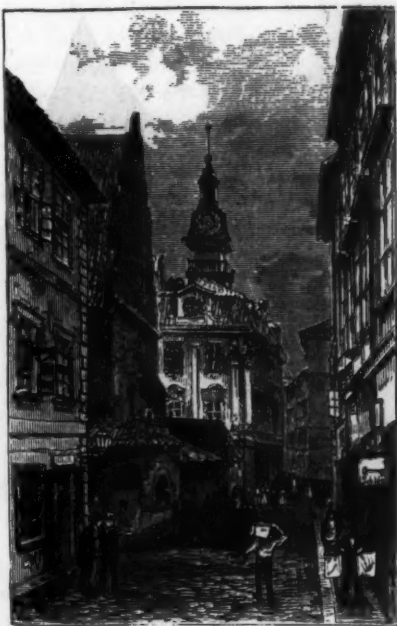


VIEW FROM THE CASTLE STAIRS.

long off the bridge into the river. Tongues of flame were observed to stand and tremble over a spot in the river, and they remained there so long that the river was dragged to satisfy curiosity and fathom the mystery, when the body of the murdered ecclesiastic was brought to the surface.

In due time, hundreds of years afterward, a statue was raised to him on the bridge, and finally the present bronze statue, eight feet high, and weighing two thousand pounds, was cast at Nuremberg, and placed on the bridge at a cost of seven thousand florins. He was canonized in 1726, and his annual festival is a curiosity even in Europe—so immense is the crowd of people from all parts who throng the bridge and its vicinity to do honor to the saint on the spot of his singular martyrdom. A chapel enclosing the statue is erected for the occasion on the bridge, the bridge is blocked up with people, carriages are forbidden to attempt to pass, and persons on foot almost peril their lives in mingling in the crowd. Eighty-four thousand pilgrims are said to have been there in one year. Mass was said from the temporary chapel to this immense multitude, and twenty-four priests were constantly occupied for many days in hearing confessions and administering the holy sacrament.

In 1696 some Jews were charged with an insult to the Christian mass, and on conviction were mulcted in heavy penalties. The money was invested in a beautiful crucifix cast at Dresden and placed on the bridge. It is surmounted by five stars, representing those supernatural flames which stood on the water on the spot where the saint was thrown into the river. It is but a step from this, one of the most conspicuous reminders of Jewish humiliation by Christian mediæval bigotry, to the Josephstadt—the Jews' quarter—which next to Frankfort-on-the-Main is the most venerable and interesting Jews' quarter in Europe. There is no possibility of fixing the date of the settlement of the Jews here. The oldest chronicles and the earliest traditions speak of them. The thirty-two streets of the Josephstadt are narrow and angular, and the two hundred and seventy-nine houses, high



JEWISH RATHHAUS.

and of several stories—a single house belongs in part to several owners—contain each on an average more than thirty persons.

It was one of the characteristic reforms of Joseph II that first secured to this peaceable and thrifty but persecuted people a considerable relaxation of their restraints, and reliefs from the oppressions which before his reign bore so heavily upon them. It was a common accusation against them that they insulted the Host in its processions, and such charges were the signal for terribly extortionate fines, sometimes murderous slaughters, well-nigh exterminating these defenseless and patient citizens, whose principal characteristics are peaceable long-suffering, patient and persistent minding of their own business, and conscientious and consistent but fearless worship of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, after the manner of their fathers. There is no darker stain on the character of Christian nations than their treatment of the Jews, and nowhere was that treatment more cruel than in this city.

Yet in Prague, too, we find what is rarely met with in Europe, a Jewish city hall,



OLD JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

where the elders of Israel transact their peculiar business—and where they constitute within a city almost a city by themselves. And here, too, they follow more strictly than elsewhere the customs of their ancient religion and polity. The inroads of reform and Western progress are only dimly visible, and though here and there a wealthy Jew has broken up his abode in the Neustadt—the last section on the left bank, regularly and handsomely built—yet the mass remain inmates of the Josephstadt, and cling to the homes of their ancestry, with a devotion characteristic only of this race. They have ten synagogues, one of which is a Gothic edifice, whose antiquity is almost unfathomable. It is reputed one thousand years old. It is a small structure, with narrow windows, giving hardly light enough to see to read its parchment-books of Moses, six hundred years old! Its heavy gold-embroidered draperies, “a gold bell and a pomegranate,” are eleven hundred years old. They have a flag presented five hundred years ago by the emperor, Charles IV. The women’s apartment is entirely shut out from the men’s, and is much meaner and shabbier. There are only small crevices for windows, through which they hear the prayers and music, and join in the

singing, but can neither see nor be seen. The Jews have their traditions and relics and fabulous tales, and if we “unbelievers” doubt some of these high numbers of years, we can not doubt the very great antiquity of this venerable sanctuary, and its internal appointments and ornaments. It is an object of great attraction to a most reasonable curiosity. It is certainly the oldest building in Europe, kept up and still used for the purpose for which it was built. It is now used only on occasions of extraordinary solemnity.

But not only the oldest sanctuary of the living, the oldest sanctuary of the dead the chosen people in Prague lay claim to.

No-where save in the valley of the Jehoshaphat, they tell us, will one find a final resting place as venerable as that of the old Prague *Judenfriedhof*, the house of peace of that wandering race. Some of its tombs date back even to the days of King Stephen of Hungary. Beeches, centuries old, start out from the fissures of tombs, and as you walk beneath shadows of living trees, the shades of dead and gone Hebrews, whose very names are forgotten, repeat in mute eloquence in the inscriptions on their tombs the old story of the Mount of Hermon, “Vanity of Vanities.”

Near the Jews’ quarter, across its borders, in the *Altstadt*, the old town, of the left bank is the *Teynkirche*, with its two steeples, topped by spires, with spirelets grouped around them, unique amongst the churches of Christendom. Its early history is connected with the introduction of Christianity into Bohemia. It has passed from one side to the other of the great religious strifes which have distracted the country, and its distinguished dead have been torn from their graves and burned, and their ashes scattered. Tycho Brahe, “the Dane who read the stars,” was buried here in 1601, and over his red stone tomb is written his own motto,

"*Esse potius quam haberi*—let me be reputed only what I am." The Protestant has especial interest in the Teyn Church. In it those staunch defenders of Hussite doctrine, the Utraquists worshiped in the days of their prosperity, and two of their bishops were buried here. After the battle of 1621, in which Protestantism was prostrated here for a time, the vengeance of Ferdinand was pacified by the execution of nobles and high officers and councilors and inferior persons

four classes, the Bohemians, the Bavarians, the Poles and the Saxons—each of which classes embraced the students of several other nations. The whole number is said to have once amounted to the almost incredible total of forty thousand. At the hours of departing from the lectures they swept through the streets of the city like a pursuing army, so that finally they rang a bell a quarter of an hour before, to give notice to the inhabitants of the coming rush, that they might



OLD ROOM OF SENATORS.

without number, and their heads that conceived and their hands that wrought the opposition to him were stuck upon the gate towers of the bridge. A subsequent triumph of the Protestants brought down these bleaching bones, and they were buried in the Teyn Church.

Another historic structure of the old town is the University of Prague, one of the oldest high-schools in Europe, having been established in 1348. It was at one period the rival of Oxford and Paris. Its fame and its privileges attracted students from all parts of the civilized world in immense numbers, which, for convenience, were divided into

leave the streets free. In the days of Huss the students from other nations so greatly outnumbered the Bohemians that the Czechs adopted measures by which they secured a controlling influence in the management of the University of Prague. By the law of its organization each nation was to have an equal vote, and these discriminations against foreigners were so unacceptable that twenty-five thousand (?) students seceded in one week, and while several of the more celebrated European universities attracted most of the retiring students, a respectable number went to Leipsic, and gave life to the now celebrated university of that city. The

University of Prague under the influence of Huss, who was its rector, yet maintained its ground, and became gradually one of the centers of the pre-Reformatory movement to which not only Huss contributed so powerfully, but of which Jerome of Prague was its most illustrious champion and martyr. To-day Prague University is principally remembered as the headquarters of early Protestantism.

Romanists now control it. The archbishop of Prague is its chancellor and protector. But the liberal measures of Maria Theresa and her son Joseph II have so greatly improved Austrian education, that the universities as well as colleges furnish the same advantages of education to the Lutheran, the Calvinist, the Unitarian, and the Jew, as to the Romanist. Over one hundred and fifty professors are now on the list of instructors, and nearly two thousand students, of whom about five-eighths are Czechs,

enjoy their lectures, and have access to a library of one hundred and fifty thousand volumes. In 1848 the quin-centenary of the university was commemorated, and the Karl's monument erected down by the river to mark the event. This statue, like many others of Prague, is one of the city's attractions. It is one of the most perfect Gothic statues in all Europe. It is worth writing about. But we have already taken beyond the space of an ordinary article, and as yet have touched only a few of the many beauties of old Prague. To exhaust them would require a volume, not an article. In the broad noontide, in the pale moonlight, in the Summer's heat, or when the ice dams up the current of the Moldau, Prague is equally enchanting. Prague is the only city that can compare in picturesque interest with the

"Quaint old town of toll and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song."

THE SILHOUETTE.

SHADOW, and only that. We trace
The outline; but the living grace
Is fled. Come here, poor soul, and see
What time shall shortly make of thee,—
If thou canst look without despair,
Breathing some broken, child-like prayer.

Shadow—*but* shadow—vague and cold!
And is this all my life may hold
Of one who, beautiful and good,
And radiant with fair promise, stood
Beside us, those brief months ago,
And now of whom we may not know?

Thou tender profile, softly fall
Upon the dimly lighted wall,
Above the shrine where once he dwelt
A living presence that was felt
In acts of graciousness that fill
The memory with a holy thrill.

Shadow—*but* shadow—vain and dim;
How little you reveal of him!
Where is the light of those proud eyes?

The gentle voice? The manly guise?
The pure unselfish heart that bent
Brave music for the willing feet?

The time is gone when I could take
The trusting hand in mine, and make
The lips pour smiles like heavenly light,
And press the loving soul so tight
To mine, that we might seem as one,
And weep for joy to call thee son.

'Tis this the lengthening years do bring—
This poor unsatisfying thing—
This shadow. But, the substance fled,
We clasp it, thinking of the dead,
And how, one day, above the breast
We, too, shall fold the hands and rest.

Till then in silence let us walk;
Or, if the o'erburdened heart must talk,
Oh, let it be in words of meek
Yet noble import that we speak,
Keeping a constant faith in this—
'Tis surely best whatever is.

LADY JANE GREY.



NO other name in all the annals of female royalty or heroism has about it a more fascinating enchantment and bewildering glamour than that of Lady Jane Grey. She first comes into view in the lofty and delicately frescoed apartments of Somerset House, Strand, London, where reigned with imperial sway, three hundred years ago, Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector of England.

In this stately palace, in the year 1545, was a lovely group of high-born children, who loved each other tenderly, played together, studied together, shared each others' secrets and hopes, all unconscious of the vast issues that waited upon their veiled future. Mere infants as they were at that time, not an anxious eye within the kingdom

where they were born but viewed them with unwearied scrutiny and never flagging interest, while the halo of their royal names had already permeated the length and breadth of Christendom; not alone that they were of royal lineage, nor because of the personal grace and beauty so wondrously developed in each, nor for the still more rare intellectual endowment that in its strange precocity seemed like an inspiration, but that each in turn appeared destined by Providence to be the support and defender of the incipient Reformation that was to supplant the dominant Roman Catholic hierarchy.

The oldest of this interesting group, the Princess Elizabeth, then in her thirteenth year, was the daughter of pretty Anne

Boleyn; Edward VI, King of England and son of Anne's successor, Jane Seymour, now nearly twelve years old; while the youngest, most gentle and lovely of the noble trio, in every detail of mind and personal charm, was their little playmate and well-beloved cousin, Jane Grey; who, although not a king's daughter, seemed yet of consequence enough to be kept near the heirs of the throne, as there was a possibility that she might at some time be hailed Queen of England.

A wild and turbulent retreat was this Somerset House for these scions of royalty, despite the splendor of its palatial appointments, for it was the arena for intrigue, duplicity, and vindictive jealousies. Just then the star of Edward Seymour was in the ascendant, for he was protector by testament of Henry VIII, of the young king, whose identity was nearly lost in the imperious will of his proud uncle. Not so the brother, Lord Thomas Seymour, High-admiral of England, between whom and the duke there waged a bitter and relentless feud, each striving by every unscrupulous means that envy could devise to circumvent and supersede the other. Unfortunately, the wives of these renowned statesmen passed their days in equal turmoil for precedence. The Duchess of Somerset as spouse of the lord protector, who exercised right royal prerogatives, sitting under the great canopy of state, and assuming all the parade and circumstance that could have been looked for in royalty itself, moaning always that he was required to sit at the right hand of majesty rather than on the throne itself, claimed royal homage on this account; while her sister-in-law, Lady Katharine Seymour, contended that having been a veritable queen, consort of the reigning monarch (which, in fact, she was, being that Katharine Parr, who, by a singular good fortune kept her beautiful head on her shoulders by outliving Henry VIII), and married in a few months subsequent to the king's death her former lover, Lord Thomas Seymour, those high honors and worship were hers by right.

And thus the dark warfare raged, midst dazzling pomp and court display, in sight of

these three unwitting children, until the brothers, so noble by birth and inheritance, fell beneath the evil eye of the bold, bad man, John Dudley, of Castle Warwick, created Duke of Northumberland, who by cunning schemes and wicked intrigues, poisoned the mind of Edward against these noble premiers, and brought the head of both the famous duke and his accomplished brother under the executioner's ax, King Edward himself signing the fatal warrant that deprived him of the much needed and not unfaithful guardianship of his uncles.

The children were yet secure under the tutelage and care of good Dr. John Aylmer, "a man of eminent learning and natural ability, yet of such gentle manners and spirit as to acquire the strongest hold on the affections of his pupils, thus preparing them for the arduous trials and duties of their after life." So thorough was their course of study that King Edward and his two royal companions wrote and spoke the various languages and solved abstruse theories with amazing exactitude. Never did teacher instruct more precocious intellects, ardently striving after all kinds of learning, than did wise John Aylmer and his renowned compeer in knowledge, Roger Ascham.

The pleasant vibration of Lady Jane between the picturesque solitude of Bradgate, having its keeps and buttresses, and with its fine old apartments lighted by deep mullioned windows and heavy oaken staircase with massive balustrades, and broad low steps so safe and easy for her infant feet, and the still more grim palaces of royalty nearer London, where dwelt her cousins, Elizabeth and Edward, was of brief duration.

In the month of July, 1552, we find her as a guest at Newhall Place by invitation from Princess Mary; and an anecdote related of this visit not only attests its brevity and the reason of it, but also proves that the religious formulas of Catholicism were, despite all royal edicts in opposition, celebrated in Mary's domestic chapel, and it exhibits as well the unswerving faith of our Protestant heroine. Passing through the chapel at Newhall, in company with Lady Wharton, one of Mary's *dames d'honneur*, at a time

when religious service was not proceeding, the former courtesied to the host that stood in its usual place on the altar.

Lady Jane asked if the Lady Mary were present.

Lady Wharton replied, "No!"

"Why do you then courtesy?" queried Lady Jane.

"I courtesy to him who made me," was the curt answer.

"Nay; but did not the baker make him?" said Lady Jane with a soft, sweet accent.

This conversation, being reported by Lady Wharton to the gloomy and ascetic Mary, changed her attitude henceforth toward her young cousin, as never after did she manifest either the love or interest that had characterized their former intercourse.

An imprudent saying uttered by Jane subsequently, that "Mary is as one who has forsaken God's Word," found its way also to the princess's ear, separating the royal kinswomen entirely even before the final catastrophe occurred.

"When Edward VI died," says Hepworth Dixon, "the keenest wit in England could not tell in whom the right to succeed him lay. There were four claimants to the crown—four women wrangling for a crown that had never yet been placed on woman's brow."

First, there was the somber, fanatic Princess Mary, daughter of Catharine of Aragon.

Second, Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn, maid of honor to Catharine, who, in less than a twelvemonth after her marriage, laid her bonny head and lily throat under the busy ax. These two sisters of Edward it must be borne in mind, were set aside by acts of council, by acts of Parliament, and by the Church, whose mothers had been cast aside on the ground that they had never been lawful wives, thus extinguishing the rights of the daughters as king's children. These acts had never been repealed, although the wretched Henry made a half show of acknowledging his daughters as legitimate on his death-bed.

Third, Mary of Scotland, then an infant in the arms of her nurse, Jane Sinclair; and without reference to Margaret, also of Scot-

land, whose kinship to Henry VIII was as near as any among the heirs, its claim, however, totally unrecognized, we pass on to the fourth, Lady Jane Grey, for whose sake the regal lineage must be further traced.

In 1515, the army of England having put to utter rout both the French and Scotch legions at Flodden, leaving ten thousand valiant Scotchmen dead upon the field, Louis XII resolved to secure a permanent armistice by alliance with the Tudors, whose legal representative was Henry VIII; of whom Charles Dickens says, "I shall take the liberty of plainly calling him one of the most detestable villains that ever drew breath."

Marriage settlements were drawn up without delay, by which the Princess Mary, sister of King Henry, became the wife of the French monarch, despite her previous betrothment to Charles Brandon, a handsome and favorite page of Henry's, and upon whom Mary appears to have bestowed a very pure and ardent affection. No redress being permitted the unfortunate girl, called the most intellectual and accomplished princess of her time, we find her in a few days racked with mental anguish and tossing off the coast of Boulogne, exposed to a frightful tempest, from whence, after a cold landing, she was received with ceremonious pomp by the young Comte d'Angoulême, and the marriage of this brilliant and piquant lady just sixteen years old with a king nearly sixty, was celebrated with fêtes and tournaments.

Two months were scarcely passed over when the feeble old monarch died, and now Henry dispatched the former lover of Mary, Charles Brandon, lately created Duke of Suffolk, to accompany the *Queen of France* back to England as his *duchess*; the second marriage being solemnized again in England according to the usual forms immediately upon their arrival. This duchess, so handsome and good, died at the early age of thirty-seven, leaving one daughter Frances, young, rich, and beautiful, the wife of Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and afterwards made Duke of Suffolk in honor of his more royal consort.

From this auspicious union was born within the grim old family mansion of

Bradgate, belonging to the famous county of Leicestershire, the Lady Jane Grey, a name for more than three centuries associated with all that is lovely, all that is wise, faithful, and virtuous, from her infantile years to the time when, withered and dead, she lay within a London sarcophagus at the age of seventeen years. Never was child subject to so painful watch and keen espionage, so "bobbed into learning" by her over-anxious parents, who persistently kept in sight the possible high destiny for their daughter, as this one. It brought with it most unwelcome restraints, suppressing the natural gayety and sprightliness that properly belonged to such a child. This training, no doubt, had its advantage, in that Lady Jane became in consequence of this state of things a most unwearied student, acquiring in her earliest years a fund of knowledge such as the profoundest scholars rarely obtain. If this store of learning did little for the world, it did much for herself, as it taught her a philosophy that bore up her fragile strength with the constancy of a martyr to endure her after ordeals of pain and torture.

It is pleasant to dwell upon her first interview with Roger Ascham, thus obtaining a glimpse of her innocent, wise, and grave *naïveté*, that took place on this wise: Journeying from the north of England to London, the learned Ascham decided to tarry a few hours at the castle of the Marquis of Dorset, and found the nobleman's family absent, off upon a hunting excursion in the park. In the library hall, however, he espied, sitting before a deeply embrasured window, the fair young daughter of the house, absorbed in a Greek volume, and questioning her in that language, the venerable scholar remained standing in amaze at the deep erudition of this child, not yet fifteen years old. Then tendering the request that she would indite him a letter in the same language, to which she readily acceded, he inquired how she had made such advance in learning. The answer is quaint and artless in the extreme.

"I will tell you," said she, "how it happened. One of the greatest benefits that

God ever conferred upon me was in giving me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a teacher as Dr. Elsmer; for when I am in the presence of either father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go; eat, drink, be merry, or sad; be serving, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in just such weight, measure, and number, as perfectly as possible, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, bobs, and otherwise, which I will not mention for the honor I bear my parents, that I am continually teased and tormented. And then when the time comes for me to go to Mr. Elsmer, he teaches me so justly, so pleasantly, and with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing which I am with him, and I am always sorry to go away from him, because whatsoever else I do but study is full of grief, trouble, fear, and suffering."

Despite this sad, childish plaint of the stringent, parental *régime* exercised over her, these are the years, above all others, when one can linger with delight over the brief life of the amiable, noble, but unfortunate girl. Still within the ancestral home of those who loved her, among the sequestered shades of Bradgate, we can fancy the erudite child, with her sweet and pensive beauty, so simple and unaffected in her ways, as to delight the heart of all who looked upon her, wandering amid its shaded parks and covert nooks, redolent of sweetest fern and laurel—this little maiden student, who read the Bible in its original at ten, and talked Latin, Italian, and French before she was fifteen—this child who found more repose within abstruse folios than in all childish sports, and who meditated and wrote on the emptiness of the glittering aims of the world, as she lay stretched on the turfy slope of Suffolk House, or watched from a shelter the tiny brooklet rippling through its green meadow-land.

Of the third party in the realm who maintained that King Henry VIII's will had not power to legalize the annulled marriages, contending also that Lady Jane Grey, as the nearest representative, was the only heir

to the throne after Edward, John Dudley, the Earl of Northumberland, who had destroyed the protector, Somerset, and attained to even greater power and influence at court than his predecessor, holding the whole kingdom at his disposal, was the head and front; embracing the cause of Lady Jane, partly from conviction, mayhap, of its justice, mostly from anxiety to devise some scheme that might continue his high and arbitrary rule. Of his four handsome sons, this unscrupulously ambitious man selected the youngest, Guilford, now a lad of seventeen, as a fit husband for the Lady Jane. Thus, if the king should die and leave no heirs, this arrangement would prove both feasible and pleasant—tempting in the extreme, as in such case all the reins of government would be in his grasp. The greatest man in Europe, whether soldier or statesman, some thought him even now safe and worthy of esteem. Crammer, Ridley, and Knox prayed for him as one of the pillars of the Church. In the beginning he may have been all these godly men claimed for him, but the lust of power had crept in and poisoned his religious blood. There appeared, however, a fair showing of right in Warwick's assumption in behalf of the Lady Jane. Thoughtful, considerate, and conscientious, fearful lest Romanism and its stealthy power might again loom in the ascendant throughout England, and the Reformation be thus endangered if not destroyed, should the Princess Mary succeed to the inheritance of the crown, the boy-king determined at all hazards to sustain the new faith, this resolve being strengthened and confirmed by the wily persuasion of Northumberland.

Fully convinced that the English realm under Lady Jane's rule would never relapse to the spiritual dominion of Rome, the king sent for three judges outside the council, and directed that a deed of assignment be drawn up by which the crown was to be conveyed to Lady Jane Grey in case of his death, to the exclusion of both his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth. The duke's lordly schemes worked together with more apparent symmetry and promise of success than even his

imperious will could have believed; Jane being predestined queen, seemingly without cavil from Mary's friends. And so it turned out that while Edward VI lay alarmingly ill in his palace at Greenwich on a certain Whitsunday in May, this gentle, grave, and lovely girl, the Lady Jane, "bowed her sweet head and went to chapel in Durham House, Strand, leaning upon Northumberland's arm, and was united in marriage with his son, Lord Guilford Dudley, taking her wedding as she would have taken a lesson in Greek, or any other trial, only pleading that as she and Guilford were both so young she might go home with her mother to Suffolk House, Southwark, until she and her husband were of riper age—which, alas! never came to either."

And thus the child of seventeen, with her intellectual superiority, her feminine gentleness, which always preferred to yield rather than to contend, to be loved and led rather than to lead and be applauded, glad that the bridal pageant was over, went back to repose in her books, her studies, and her music. According to Sir Thomas Chaloner, "Jane Grey was not only well versed in Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, and Italian, but she played on instrumental music with a cunning hand, and was excellent at the needle. She accompanied her musical instruments with a voice exquisitely sweet in itself, assisted by all the graces that art could bestow."

Six weeks after the parting at the altar of this youthful bride and bridegroom, Edward VI died, on a calm July morning, at Greenwich Palace, aged sixteen years—died in such tranquil peace that no report spread abroad of the event until two days after, leaving forty-eight hours for John Dudley of Northumberland to mature his already well defined and supplanting projects. In this concealment there was secret design and cunning intrigue, as in every other politic movement of the duke, the hope merging into a positive assurance of securing by strategy the persons of both Mary and Elizabeth. A specious message was dispatched to Mary by the earl that her brother, being very ill, prayed her to come to him, as he earnestly desired the comfort of her pres-

ence, and likewise desired her to see that every thing was ordered well about him.

Mary, who had watched over Edward's infancy, melted at this appeal, and returned a tender message, expressive of her pleasure that her brother should have thought she could be of comfort to him. She set out immediately from Hunsdon, but was met by the Earl of Arundel (whose sister, the Lady Catherine Fitz-Allan, Henry Grey had wedded, and then cast aside for the sake of a more royal bride, Lady Frances Brandon, which insult the haughty earl never forgot and longed to revenge), of whom she learned that the king was already dead.

On the 6th of July, 1550, Jane was summoned from the happy tranquillity of her father's mansion, in Southwark, to Lord Guilford's patrimony, Zion House. Lady Frances Grey, at the first call refused to give her daughter up, but Jane having received an order, both from the Duke of Northumberland, and Guilford Dudley, the Duchess of Northumberland herself being the messenger, and not liking to commence her married life by so gross an act of rebellion, repaired to Zion, in company with her mother, "there to await," according to Guilford Dudley's dispatch, "a message of highest moment from the king." On reaching Chelsea by boat the two ladies found Zion House empty, but soon a few of the noblest lords in the kingdom came trooping in, whose names are chronicled with prompt exactitude: First, the duke himself, President of the Council; William Parr, Marquis of Northampton; Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon; the Earl of Pembroke; and Henry Fitz-Allan, the smiling and deadly Earl of Arundel.

This traitor and Pembroke were the first to fall on their knees and kiss Jane's hand, saluting her, "Queen!" the first also to proclaim her rival Mary a few days subsequently. Prominent also as these high nobles themselves in the mocking pageant, were the Marchioness of Northampton and the Duchess of Northumberland, two of the most willful and imperious beauties in the kingdom.

The scheme of Dudley being now not only

fully inaugurated, but systematized in its every detail, the curtain once more unfolds to the last pathetic scene, in this most somber of all tableaux. The death of Edward was now for the first time announced to Jane by the Council, on hearing which she fell into a deathly swoon, her attendants finding it difficult to restore her again to consciousness. She had returned her cousin's love, he had been her companion in study and recreation during the most happy era of her life, and her delicate intuitions whispered that impending calamity threatened her as a consequence of the king's decease. There is a reply in certain records, said to be hers, to the famous Council of nobles, that is unutterably full of indignant protest and warm eloquence. In the first place asserting the prior claims of Edward's sisters to her own, she adds, "I am not so young, nor so ill-read in the guiles of our time, as to suffer myself to be taken by them. Nay, with what a crown does she present me? A crown shamefully wrested from Catharine, Anne Boleyn, and others who wore it after her. Why would you add my blood to theirs?"

Another July morning found the royal party embarked from Zion, dropping down the river, passing the great abbey, tarrying an hour at Whitehall and then speeding on to Durham House where a royal banquet closed the day. Yet not altogether in peace, for here occurred the first unyielding antagonism of her conscientious heart to the wicked ambition of her father-in-law and husband. The queen having retired to her apartment, a herald announced at her door the Marquis of Winchester, Lord Treasurer, who brought up and presented to his royal mistress the private jewels and royal crown, now her own by right, preferring the request that she would place the crown for an instant upon her head. Jane glanced at the glittering toy, then laid it aside with the simple remark, "It will do."

"But another crown is to be made," said Winchester.

"Another crown!" repeated Lady Jane; "and for whom, pray?"

"For the Lord Guilford," answered the

Marquis, "since he must be crowned at the same time with yourself, as king."

The girl suppressed at the moment her honest wrath until the appearance of Lord Guilford Dudley, when it burst forth on this wise:

"The crown," she said, "is not a plaything for boys and girls. I can not make him king. Only Parliament can do that. Let us none of this sheer folly!" and thus ended a hot scene and contest. The queen continued firm. "Guilford whimpered at his child-wife's constancy, and the proud Duchess of Northumberland led her boy away, declaring he should not live with so ingrate a wife."

A little after noon of July 10th, a loud discharge of ordinance from the turrets of the castle announced a triumphal festivity, and, in fact, a brilliant and busy scene presented itself, as a gallant train issued from the southern gateway of Durham House. Descending the stone steps that led to the water's edge, the lordly followers were received in barges emblazoned by armorial bearings, while cloth-of-gold hangings were festooned in graceful folds around light and delicate frame-work that shut in the queen, embroidered silken pennons floating above. The barges and their human freight, were gathered together as a convoy for the newly proclaimed queen, a young and lovely woman, rich in all gifts of mind and person, illustrious, and royal by birth, the devout representative of a faith just gaining foothold throughout Europe.

The Duke of Northumberland, despite his limitless power and assumption, was viewed with distrust by the populace, and thus it proved in vain that the haughty peer had enticed his young victim from Zion House to the ordeal of a public exhibition. No cheers greeted her arrival on the pier; her tender youth and surpassing beauty, while it produced an ardent interest, only called forth low murmurs of irrepressible admiration, in which even the adherents of Mary were constrained to join.

Amidst the train composing this royal display were the two venerable prelates, Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and

Ridley, Bishop of London, both subsequently called to test the sincerity of their faith by fagot and fire. Conspicuous were they, even amongst the dense crowd surrounding them, by their scarlet stoles and surplice, with its snowy lawn sleeves, the ascetic course of life prescribed by the Reformed Church not apparent in their costume, but placing its severe and rigid insignia upon every line of their expressive countenances.

"This silence of the people bodes no good, my lord. It is not thus men were wont to receive matters at the hands of his grace, John of Northumberland," said Cranmer to his colleague.

The two leaders of the Protestant and Queen Jane's party, Dudley and Suffolk, were notable men in every respect. Nothing more majestic can be imagined than the person and manner of the former, nothing more striking than his attire on state occasions. There was an indescribable something about him that indicated the highest patrician chivalry, although "his father had been butchered like a dog in the street."

His compeer, Henry, Duke of Suffolk, had by his rare abilities as a statesman, elevated himself to the commanding position he now held. A man of high nobility of birth, a courtly air, affable, and conciliatory manners, of intelligence and courage, he yet lacked the resolute force essential to subdue a turbulent people.

These were the men who led the first state pageant of Lady Jane Grey, while among the noble ladies composing her escort were her train bearer, the Duchess of Northumberland; Jane's younger sister, Lady Herbert, a lovely blonde with the softest of blue eyes and silken tresses, the Lady Hastings, youngest sister of Lord Guilford—neither of the brides save Jane Dudley being over fifteen years old; both had been married on the same day with Queen Jane, and for each of the trio was reserved a tragic doom.

The train of nobles and civic dignitaries entered the Tower gates on July 11th, depositing their young charge in the state apartments, it having become a custom for the newly crowned monarchs to pass the first few days of their reign within this an-

cient fortress. On dissolving the Council for the day, Lady Jane performed her devotions in St. John's Chapel of the Tower, and the prayer, as chronicled, is so full of earnest vitality and devotion that the throb of its meek piety has not ceased to palpitate throughout the heart of a universe for three centuries. All the circumstances that now environed Jane Dudley, as a royal bride, were dazzling and delusive. She was neither dazzled nor deluded. Esteeming her position at its true worth, she saw through its hollowness, and aware that she only "grasped the shadow of a scepter, and bore the semblance of a crown," she yet resolved on this gala day not to betray a sign of her mistrust. The dress she assumed, contrary to the usage of the early Reformers, consisted of a right regal garb of cloth-of-gold, a stomacher blazing with diamonds and other precious stones—a surcoat of purple velvet bordered with ermine and train of the same material edged with minever. Round about her shapely throat lay encircled a carcanet of gold set with pearls and rubies, from which depended an almost priceless jewel, while a coil of velvet of the peculiar style then in vogue, adorned with a row of pearls, was confined to her fair hair by golden pins.

Not less to be remarked was the young nobleman at her side, Lord Guilford, who, inheriting the manly symmetry and chivalrous bearing of his father, had yet nothing in it of the sinister glance that betokened duplicity, which had won for the latter a sentiment of doubt, nearly akin to hatred, by all ranks of the people, and that deprived the duke at last of the ordinary compassion accorded to unfortunate state victims.

On the third day, Wednesday, news was received by the Council that Mary was on her way toward London, and that knights and squires were striking for her cause. Some action of the Council must speedily be devised. Arch traitors, unfortunately, had crept in among the professed adherents;—Arundel in chief, who would have placed his enemy, Henry of Suffolk, in the post of danger, as commander of the army, but saw himself foiled by the tearful entreaties of the

queen, that her father's presence might be left to counsel and encourage her.

The Duke of Northumberland, as the most renowned soldier of the party, was selected. In the early morning of Thursday, Durham House was again the scene of busy preparation as on the week just gone by. Dudley's speech at dinner is thus reported, "Since you think it good, my lords, I and mine will go with the army, not doubting of your fidelity to the queen's majesty, whom I leave in your hands; and this I pray you, wish me no worse God speed than ye would have yourselves!"

But the royal standard, floating over Framlington Castle, had attracted to it the chivalry of Suffolk, who gallantly rallied round Mary; and at the first onset between Warwick and her adherents, Jane's troops deserting to the enemy in large numbers were so completely put to rout that the Dudleys barely escaped by the fleetness of their steeds. The same evening came a message to the Council, assembled in the Tower, that the Lord Hastings and Windsor were recruiting men in their counties for Mary. More disastrous than all was the fact that the ships sent to London to arrest Mary in her first flight went over to her side with guns and stores of all descriptions.

Darker and more gloomy became the political outlook for Queen Jane, despite Dudley's sending in hot haste to London for fresh troops—spite also of the prophetic warnings thundered forth by John Knox at Amsterdam, and by prelates in other pulpits in England of the danger to which the country lay exposed. Defection in the Tower, defection and traitorous action in the army! "Winchester, Arundel, Pembroke, Shrewsbury, Paget had made their peace and kept their places in the Council only to betray the girl whom they had forced to ascend the throne."

The army, rotten as the Council, delivered up Northumberland, yet accorded him one night's rest at King's College—the next, a cell in the Tower. The Duke of Suffolk urged Jane to abdicate. Her husband stoutly declined, saying "Let us again meet the Council, and we shall triumph!"

On the 12th, the municipal authorities who had been summoned arrived at the Tower—Cranmer and Ridley soon after. Jane addressed the assemblage: "My lords, I have summoned you, it may be for the last time, to deliberate on the course to be pursued in order to check the formidable tumults and rebellions that have moved

in your presence I proclaim Mary, sister to the late King Edward VI and daughter of Henry VIII of famous memory, Queen of England and Ireland, and very owner of the crown, government, and title and all things thereunto belonging." To which the Council replied, "God save the Queen."

Confusion without limit ruled in the



QUEEN JANE IN THE TOWER.

against me and the crown. Of that crown, I can not doubt I have lawful possession, since it was tendered me by your hands. Confiding, therefore, in your steadfastness, I look to you for support in this emergency."

The Spanish Ambassador Renard replied in these ominous words:

"Lady Jane Dudley, you have wrongfully usurped the title and station of queen, and

Tower. Many of the Council had already with blast of trumpet proclaimed at Chertsey the new sovereign by the title of "Mary, Queen of England, Ireland, and France, Defender of the Faith." This occurred on the ninth day.

Of Jane, alone in the Tower, a pathetic incident is related. The Duke of Suffolk on entering the state apartments found the

Summer Queen sitting beneath a royal canopy. "Come down, my child," said the miserable father; "this is no place for you!" and the child left her throne without a sigh.

All the prison rooms were now filled so full that chambers never before used as prisons were crowded like slave-ships. A strange family party was gathered there—the Duke of Northumberland in the Garden Tower; Jane in the custody of Thomas Brydges; Warwick and his brother Guilford in the middle room of Beauchamp Tower, where Lord Guilford solaced his captivity by carving the name of Jane; Lord Robert, the third in age, on the ground-floor of the same Tower, where he scratched into the stone his name, Robert Dudley.

Touched by pity for her youth, her innocence, her meek submission, and above all by her devotion to her unfortunate young husband, for whom alone she craved mercy, not for herself, the usually vindictive Mary proclaimed a reprieve for the Lady Jane and Lord Guilford Dudley. A brief space of time found them again returned to the tranquil joys of Zion House. Within three days thereafter drums began again to beat in the streets, pikes and guns to glisten along the highways, and London to be astir once more with its thousand preparations for war.

Sir Thomas Wyatt and his men were at Greenwich, in readiness to depose Mary on account of the hateful Spanish alliance. He raised his standard at Maidstone, marched on to Rochester, established himself in the old castle there, and prepared to hold out against the Duke of Norfolk. He came on to Deptford with fifteen thousand men; at Southwark there were only two thousand. At London the guns of the Tower opposed his landing there, and at Kingston-on-Thames the bridge had been broken down. He repaired it, crossed over, fought his way up Fleet Street, was overpowered, and surrendered at Temple Bar, his body being soon after quartered and distributed in the usual brutal way.

The deluded Suffolk and Sir John Grey, with a strong party, joined the rebellion, took their way to Leicestershire, proclaiming Lady Jane Grey queen in every town

through which they passed, and on the day of Wyatt's defeat were again committed to the Tower.

Mary also on this day resolved upon the most brutal act of her most cruel reign, the signing the warrant for the execution of Lady Jane Grey. Still influenced by a lingering sentiment of compassion for their youth, it is said that Mary long hesitated to affix her signet to the fatal document, but was goaded on by the demoniac Spaniard, Renard, who cried, "I have John Dudley, the Duke of Suffolk, his brother Thomas Grey, and Thomas Wyatt. Only Dudley and Lady Jane remain. Let us destroy them!"

And now was dispatched Father Feckenham, the queen's confessor, to convey the tidings to Jane that she must die, and see what he could do for her soul. The prelate felt startled to witness the glad and welcome manner in which this girl received his message. He spoke to her of her soul, of the sins of men, of the need for repentance; but he found her calm and happy, at peace with the world and at one with her God. He spoke to her first of faith, of holiness, then of the sacraments, the Scriptures, and the universal Church. She knew all these things better than himself, and she held a language about them far beyond his reach. "The tassel on the bread and wine," says Dixon, "was no doubt sharp," for that was the dogma most in dispute. With a sweet patience she ended the debate by saying: "Since I have but a few hours to live, I need them all for prayer."

Feckenham, who had been won to pity by the angelic bearing of the learned child, and with her low voice still pulsing in his ear, flew to the queen, reproaching her for not prolonging Jane's respite, if she wished to save her soul. The warrant permitted three days more. When told by Feckenham of the brief respite she merely replied:

"You have mistaken my purport, Father Feckenham. I wished not for delay of sentence, but quiet from disputation. I am prepared to receive submissively death in any manner it may please the queen to appoint. True it is, the flesh shudders, as is natural to frail mortality, but my spirit will

spring exultingly into eternal light, where I hope the mercy of God will receive it."

She did not wish to die—at seventeen no one wants to die—but death, in her present adverse state, appeared as a benign angel, rather than a messenger of gloom and wrath.

Racked with anguish at the shameful apostasy of Northumberland to Romanism just before he was executed, she cried out in holy wrath "Like as his life was wicked, so was his end. I pray God that neither I nor friend of mine die so." And kindling with renewed fervor she added, "Should I, who am so young and in my fewer teens, forsake my faith for love of life? Nay, God forbid; and much more he should not, whose fatal course, though he had lived for years, could not long have continued. But life is sweet. . . . God be merciful to us!"

She had fears also lest Dudley might prove equally false, and was cruelly denied a last interview with him; yet hearing the rumble, and seeing the cart that contained poor Guilford's body, from her window, she rose to greet the corpse as it passed by. Tormented by the priests sent over by Mary to the Tower, who forced their way into her prison, and would not leave it again, in their coarse zeal for her conversion; weary even of the more lenient Feckenham, whose bigotry fell beneath the sweet voice and patience of this young polemic; exhausted by her last masterly controversy with the cruel, fanatic, Bishop Gardiner, and above all grieving over the father whose love for her had brought his wise head within reach of the fatal ax, can we who read wonder at the spirit manifest in this last tender note which she addressed to the Duke of Suffolk in these words?—

"Thus, good father, I have opened unto you the state wherein I stand. My death is at hand; to you, perhaps, it may seem woe-ful, yet to me there is nothing can be more welcome than from this vale of misery to aspire to that heavenly throne, with Christ my Savior, in whose steadfast faith (if it may be lawful for the daughter so to write to the father) the Lord continue to keep you, so at last we may meet in heaven."

Four of her Latin epistles were written in

prison, three to Bullinger and one to her sister Katharine, in the then called Martin Tower, now the Jewel Tower, Lady Jane having been removed thence from the damp, sepulchral Brick Tower for greater airiness and comfort. The last, composed the night preceding her execution, on a blank leaf of her Greek Testament to her sister Lady Katharine, sad heiress of all Jane's rights and miseries, reads thus:

"I have sent you, good sister Kate, a book, which although it be not outwardly rimmed with gold, yet inwardly is more worth than precious stones. It is the book, dear sister, of the law of the Lord; his testament and last will to us wretches, that shall lead you to eternal joy."

This sacred Book she gave to her gentlewoman, Elizabeth Tyner, praying her after she was dead, to deliver it to Lady Katharine, as the last and best token of her love.

The following Latin verses were written on the wall of her cell, apparently with a pin:

"Non aliena putes, homini quæ obtingere possunt,
Sors hodierna mihi, tunc erit illa tibi.

"JANE DUDLEY.

"Deo juvante, nil nocet livor malus;
Et non juvante, nil juvat labor gravis.
Post tenebras spero lucem."

Holinshed, Sir Richard Baker, and Fox tell us that she wrote several other things; but only the above, with a letter to Dr. Harding, her father's chaplain, a prayer for her use during her imprisonment, and a few additional ones, together with her speeches to the council, and religious controversies, are all that can at the present time be found. Always with a book of prayer or the Bible before her, nor losing one of the few moments left her, and filled with a wondrous tranquillity, one listens in sacred delight to her parting interview with good Roger Ascham. With face overclouded in sorrow, silent and tearful, he appeared unexpectedly

"Think it not strange whatsoever may befall man;
To-day it is my turn, to-morrow it will be thine.

"JANE DUDLEY.

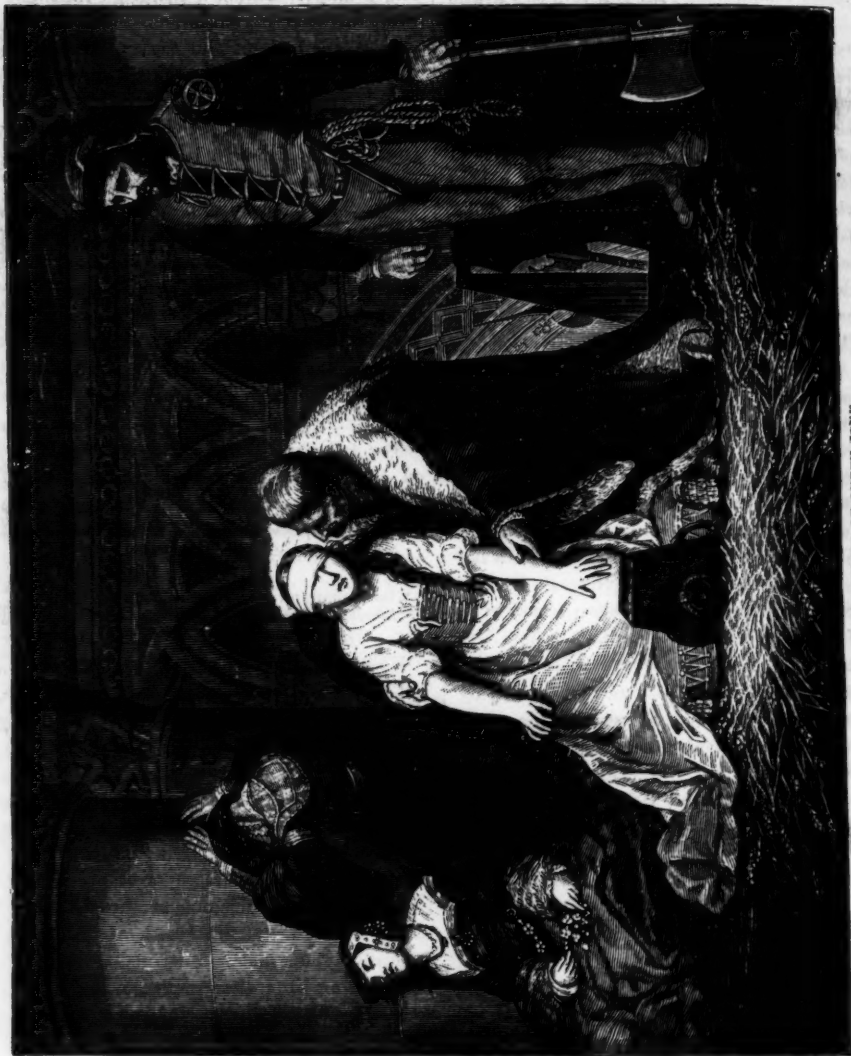
"Whom God blesses, malice can not harm;
And if God does not help then the hardest labor is in vain.

After darkness I hope for light."

in her prison room, to whom Lady Jane cried in joyous accent:

"My dear old instructor, Master Roger Ascham, I am glad to see thee. Do not lament for me, good friend, but rejoice with

on earth. It is your godly trust, not your earthly wisdom, that sustains you, and I came hither not to sadden but to cheer you, not to teach, but to be taught. Although your career must be closed at the point



THE EXECUTION OF QUEEN JANE.

me that I have so profited by your teaching as to be able to bear my present lot with true submission."

"I do rejoice, dear madam; yet your fortitude comes from a higher source than any

whence most others start, it will have been long enough to afford the world one of the best and noblest lessons it has ever received."

"Alas! Master Ascham, my name is not fit to be enrolled among the martyrs of our

Church. I yielded to impulses, which, though not culpable in the eyes of men, were so in those of God. Yet do me one last favor. Be present at my ending, and see how she whom you have taught to live will die."

On the fatal morning of February 9, 1558, dressed with extreme care in a black velvet gown, Lady Jane came forth from her prison, a prayer-book in her hand, a heavenly smile on her face, a tender light in her gray eyes. She walked modestly across the green, passed the files of soldiers, mounted the scaffold, and then, turning her beautiful face toward the spectators, calmly said:

"Good people, I am come hither to die. The fact against the queen's highness was unlawful, but touching the procurement and desire thereof by me, or on my behalf, I will wash my hands guiltless thereof, and deliver to my God a soul as pure from such trespass as it is innocent from injustice; but only for that I consented to the thing I was enforced unto, constraint making the law believe that which I never understood."

She paused as if to put away from her the world, then she added:

"I pray you all, good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by no other means than the mercy of God, in the merits of the blood of his only Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, good people, while I am alive I pray you to assist me with your prayers."

Kneeling down, she said to Feckenham, the only divine whom Mary would allow to come near her:

"Shall I say this psalm?"

The prelate faltered, "Yes."

On which she repeated in a clear voice the noble psalm: "Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness; according to the multitude of thy mercies do away with mine offenses."

When she had come to the last line, she rose on her feet, took off her gloves and kerchief, which she gave to her gentlewoman. The Book of Psalms she gave to Thomas Brydges, the lieutenant's deputy, in which she had written these lines: "Call upon God to incline your heart to his laws, to quicken you in his way, and not to take the word of truth utterly out of your mouth."

Then she untied her gown, and took off her bridal gear; the headsman offered to assist her, but she put his hands gently aside, and drew a white kerchief around her eyes. She whispered in his ear a few soft words of pity and pardon as the figure of the veiled executioner sank at her feet and begged for forgiveness. In a distinct voice she said to the executioner, "Pray, despatch me quickly." Being blinded and unable to see the block on which to lay her young head, she was seen to feel about for it with her hands, and was heard to say, confused, "Oh, what shall I do? Where is it?" The guard and Feckenham led her to the right place, and as she laid her noble head upon the fatal block, before the death stroke could reach her, the sweet lips were heard to murmur, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." With these divine words, the soul of Lady Jane Grey passed into its everlasting rest, and the fairest, wisest head in all the English realm fell from under the gleaming ax.

CATHOLICISM AT THE BAR OF FRANCE.

SINCE the definitive establishment of the republic in France, some of the leading Protestant minds of the nation have been probing its ills to the bottom, and have come to the conclusion that of these there are two that must be eradicated before the country can move steadily onward in the road of progress. These two are popular ignorance and imbruting Catholicism. The educational question is just now being fought out bravely by the Protestant members of the Cabinet, who number about half that body, while these at least on this question have the sympathy of those who favor Protestantism because of its friendliness towards education and liberty. The religious question is being fairly met by certain active members of the Reformed Church of France singularly aided by a body of generous and liberal men, who formerly classed themselves with the freethinkers of the nation and worked in harmony with them, but now think it their duty to come out into something more positive with the view of having a platform to stand on and stay the lever with which they would move the nation.

Certain of these philosophical freethinkers, Reveilland Bouchard and others, have taken up arms with such vigor against the Catholic Church, in which they were born and reared, that they have ended by going over into full concord with the Reformed Church, and are now battling in its pulpits and on public platforms in various parts of France with great success. Renouvier, the editor of the *Philosophical Review*, still remains on his original liberal ground, but is in sympathy with a movement of a popular character in the line of a daily Protestant and anti-clerical journal in Paris, with the view of reaching the masses of the French people. It is certainly something noteworthy that a Protestant and anti-clerical daily newspaper is issued in Paris, and sold at all the newstands for two sous, and if this can be sustained and made permanent it has a very deep significance in these premises.

It was for some time doubtful whether this programme could be brought about, and the appearance of the sheet has been for a time delayed; but the necessary sum was at last secured and the paper is an actual fact, with the first few issues now on our table, and the salutatory signed by Leon Pilatte as editor-in-chief. This gentleman is also editor of a weekly Protestant journal issued by the "Free Church," and bearing its name. For a time Reveilland, the freethinker already named, was its proposed editor, but he preferred on going into full connection with the Church to devote his editorial talents to an enterprise more exclusively religious.

Now that salutatory is so peculiar, so pithy, and so Frenchy, that we feel like giving it *verbatim et literatim*, so far as such a production can be transferred from the one language into another. The "make-up" of the columns which we reproduce indicates the way in which a French journal spreads out when it means serious business:

WHO WE ARE.

Our programme may all be found in our title.

THE REFORMER

is the eternal malcontent produced by the necessity of seeing man and society rise in all things from evil to good, from good to better, and still better and better now and always in the same way without a limit to progress.

To seek and make known the means by which the people can and are to arrive at the summit of the sovereignty which they exercise—such will be our daily task.

The first of these means is universal instruction.

What kind of Republicans, what kind of Republic, will you make of millions of men incapable of reading a journal or writing a ballot?

INSTRUCTION, THEREFORE:

Gratuitous,—in order that whoever would deprive his children of it may be without excuse.

Obligatory,—in order that in future no one may arrive at the age of manhood without be-

ing able to exercise the rights and fulfill the duties of the citizen.

Secular,—in order that an "obscuring" teaching may not smother in young minds the germ of faculties that instruction ought to fertilize.

Misery is to be cured as well as ignorance.

The workman who lives from day to day uncertain of the morrow for himself and his family can not be a citizen and a truly free voter.

Therefore the political question is to-day pregnant with *all the economical and social questions*.

So long as in order to gain a miserable livelihood millions of men, women, and children are to remain ten, twelve, fifteen hours daily bent down to the ground, shut up in workshops or forges;

So long there will be for these millions neither material well-being nor intellectual nor moral culture, nor family life possible;

So long, in a word, as shall subsist these frightful contrasts, our society, our civilization, indeed, with all that they bear in them of good and righteous, will be continually in peril.

Full of this thought, and in the feeling of solidarity which unites the entire nation, the REFORMER will raise its voice in favor of those whom labor overburdens, whom misery sours, and who, without knowing why or how, feel themselves oppressed and sacrificed.

Among the reforms required by the safety of the Republic, there is one, urgent above all others, before which recoil not only timid and moderate republicans, but also the boldest of the radicals—*Religious Reform*.

But yesterday the noble voice of Quinet made us understand this. There is contradiction and war between the Revolution and Catholicism. A religion of authority is incompatible with a *régime* of liberty. The one conspires against the other, and, sooner or later, the latter will kill the former.

It is necessary, therefore, to destroy Catholicism.

But in order to destroy it something must take its place. How and What?

The REFORMER will not avoid this burning question. It will solve it according to the needs of an intelligent and free people.

What precedes declares clearly that the REFORMER is

ANTICLERICAL

Clericalism is for us an *enemy* otherwise radical and deeper than has ever been understood by Gambetta. The great orator has seen

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in clericalism only the enemy of the state, of the republic, and of liberty.

We see in it the enemy of man, over whom it arrogates to itself the rights of a master, and the enemy of God, of whom it presents a caricature so hateful that one would rather be an atheist than to believe in that God.

To conquer clericalism, Gambetta and the most of the republicans imagine that it will suffice to envelop it, as in a strait-jacket, in the Concordat and the Organic Laws.

Chimera!

In spite of these shackles it will continue its work of darkness; its prestige will grow on the oppression that it seems to suffer.

It is not sufficient to impose on it the observance of the laws made to restrain it; we must abolish those which protect its teaching and its practices.

What! a citizen can not attack the doctrines, the institutions, and the practices of the papacy, without committing the crime of "attack on one of the recognized faith," or on "religious morality?"

Let them give us, then, the liberty of thought and its inseparable companions, liberty of speech and association, without which speech can not be heard.

Government, senators, deputies, who wish to conquer clericalism, give over to discussion the heap of nonsense which it propagates under the name of religion. Let knowledge, common sense, and satire pierce them through. Do so that every-where in the press, on the stage, in public lectures we can discuss and combat it.

Let him who will raise pulpit against pulpit, altar against altar. As was said by Pierre Leroux in 1843: *Put truth in competition*, and you will see the frightened supporters of the *syllabus* fleeing the atmosphere of light and liberty that you will have created around them.

The ANTICLERICAL REFORMER is

REPUBLICAN.

It is so without reserve and without qualification. Devoted solely to the public cause, independent of parties, coteries, and individuals, it will receive its orders only from its own conscience.

For all those who know him, he who signs these lines, whose head has grown gray in struggles against every kind of despotism, needs say no more. Others will judge him by his work.

LEON PILATTE, *Editor-in-Chief*.

Thus is fairly launched in atheistic, infidel, and Catholic Paris a new daily Protestant and republican paper, and the friends of liberty and undefiled religion will look on its career with interest and sympathy. There is indeed ground for fears as to the result; it is almost too much to expect its success, and the first few numbers seem to us scarcely to respond to the programme; they deal too much in generalities and every-day news, and do not sufficiently concentrate their energy on the two, or rather the one, great question for which it was called into existence,—namely, the Religious Question.

This, we think, would have been met much more boldly and pointedly by Reveilland, who was to have been the editor; but he is now engaged in preparing for the weekly issue of a sheet to be called the *Signal*, with the view to a circulation mainly among those whom he calls around him from the platform on which he now spends most of his time.

No man has succeeded better than he in placing Catholicism in the criminal's dock at the bar of all France; and the accusations that he makes stand out as so many specifications of his own experience—they are personal grievances, for he was born in the bosom of the Church, and has only wrested himself from it by the most heroic efforts. To whom, then, can we go for a clearer statement of the superstition and duplicity of the mother Church?

Turning from Pilatte to Reveilland we detect much more pronounced convictions, and a deeper tone of moral and religious feeling. His indictment of Catholicism is simply terrific, and we give it in his own words that our readers may see what a Frenchman and a former Catholic can tell them about the Catholicism of France as a reason why it is time for the nation and all shades of opinion to reject it as essentially vicious and unworthy:

"The evolution of humanity is to be accomplished by means of three great questions—the social, the political, and the religious. The French revolution settled the first of these with the exception of secondary questions that depend somewhat on the fate

of the others. The political question has been settled, or nearly so, in France by a painful gestation of more than eighty years, during which France has at last arrived at self-government by means of universal suffrage and parliamentary rule. The present French republic is the prize of this conflict.

"The settlement of the first two questions has left the *religious question* to stand out in bold relief, and the forces that were hitherto dissipated on the three can now be concentrated on the one with the same combatants; on the one hand the pioneers of the modern idea, the industrious creators of the world to come, and on the other the representatives of the ancient world, the champions of legitimacy at the throne and the altar, the supporters of the modern dogmas and the *syllabus* in opposition to the spirit of the age.

"Clericalism has become the rallying flag of all defeated political parties. Legitimists, Orleanists, Bonapartists, all hoping to profit by alliance with the clergy of the 'Church,' have accepted their orders from Rome, and have knelt piously at its altars to receive the communion in common—a touching communion of hatred to the republic.

"Now from their coalition we do not fear so much for the republic as for civil liberty. The clericals have no such great objection to the actual form of government provided they can rule it. They accommodate themselves very well to the republics of South America, whence they receive a tithe of the revenues, and they could get along with our republic if they could make it clerical as they did under MacMahon. Royalists and Bonapartists fraternally joined in what they called the 'government of combat,' and in which they led a bitter campaign against civil and municipal liberty, and especially against the liberty of conscience.

"But their success was not according to the measure of their boldness; the country calmly stood its ground, met them at the ballot-box, and overthrew them, and henceforth all parties in France must range themselves under the one or the other banner—*Liberalism* or *Clericalism*. This is the duel to be fought, and swords must be drawn even though the country receive the blows.

"If peace were possible between these two tendencies we would be among the first to demand a disarming. But there is no reconciliation between the voice that demands liberty and the power that utters *anathema*! One or the other of these adversaries must go to the wall, and we have no doubt of the final result in this hand-to-hand contest. The nation may be exhausted in this terrible strife, but it will finally rise victorious with the aureole of civil and religious liberty around its brow.

"Let us detail our charges against Clericalism. It is a danger for civil society. The Romish Church in its journey through the ages has always been hostile to civil liberty. It was democratic in its origin, but soon became oligarchic, and to-day is organized on a purely autocratic model. And while political communities have endeavored to realize the idea of the government of the whole by the whole, faithful Catholics have always abdicated their rights into the hands of one single man; and to-day, more than ever, the power of the popes is free of all control, and by the aid of those Janizaries of Ultramontanism—the Jesuits—commands a disciplined and obedient army of priests, which makes the most despotic and absolute theocracy in the world.

"It would be comparatively little if this all-powerful theocracy would confine its rule to the spiritual domain and not aspire to a universal temporal control. The great popes of the Middle Ages, subjected to the rule of councils, already aspired to the supreme direction of empires, and how much more the infallible pontiff of to-day! If the civil law says *yes* on some given point, and on this same point the theocratic law says *no*, the former must bow before the latter. The pope being able to bind and unbind every thing on earth, can relieve his subjects from the oath of loyalty to kings and nations, and can make it the duty of the citizen to be disobedient to the law. Civil society is threatened by this assumption so directly opposite to its principle.

"The war is always latent, and therefore often and long unperceived; but the moment the papacy finds a steady resistance to its

demands, then all the power of its innumerable forces is brought to bear to conquer that resistance, and thus an Ultramontane party can become a political power in a state, of which we have instances all around us. If they are successful it is the Romish Curia, the Congregation of the Index, the general of the Jesuits that govern in reality in the name and under the auspices of Saint Peter. It is then possible for nations to arrive at such a degree of servility as to a complete abdication of their rights. Then, alas, the liberty of faiths will be restrained, the right of assemblage will be the privilege of a sect, free thought will be suppressed, and priestly marriage will be compulsory. This introduces the *régime* of first fruits, of livings, of mortmain, and, in education, the complete monopoly of those 'reverend fathers,' the Jesuits. This, you are pleased to say, is exaggeration; but stop and consider the progress made by these clericals within the past sixty years.

"All our protective legislation of the commencement of this century has become a dead letter. The Concordat and the Organic Articles are violated every day. The state has no resource against the numberless usurpations of the episcopacy. 'The attack on the liberties of the Gallican Church' has become a hollow formula, and a subject for the sarcasm of the priests. Bishops in their pastorals and priests in their sermons hurl their anathemas at the spirit of the age, and denounce the rule under which we live as a source of public and private misfortune. The soil of France is covered with clerical associations of every kind. The 'congregations' of monks and nuns fairly swarm on it, and from the statistics recently gathered by the government an immense number of men and women are to-day in monastic orders—even more than in the days before the great Revolution.

"Inalienable estates are being re-established, money is flowing into these pious foundations and convents, whilst the clergy continue to call largely on the treasury of the state for support. The Jesuits mock with impunity the ordinances and laws that prohibit to them the soil of France: The law

of 1850 on secondary teaching, and that of 1874 on superior instruction, have given to this dangerous association the education of half of the sons of the middle classes. And by the 'Christian Brothers,' who are simply a prolongation of the Jesuits, and by the priests, who are their allies, and whose numbers have more than doubled within sixty years, the education of the masses is in large part abandoned to them.

"This dangerous brood, permeated with the spirit of the *Syllabus*, and impelled by an ardent thirst for rule, is, by tortuous ways, arriving at its aims, which are to envelop France in a matted coat of mail, in which it will struggle in vain with its strength and genius against this heavy clerical embrace. Blind is he who sees not the danger, thoughtless he who closes his eyes in order not to see it. Shall we wait in our effort to succor civil society until clericalism has carried by assault the citadel which protects our public and constitutional rights?

"And as Clericalism is a danger for civil society, so Catholicism, which it is now more correct to call it, is a danger for the individual and the family.

"We hear your protestations. What do you dare to say? Is Catholicism in our country not the best safeguard of good morals? Does not the priest who cements unions point out their duties? Does he not preach submission of children to parents, and the harmony of the family? Does he not encourage good works? Does he not teach, by word if not always by example, charity, uprightness, and the pardon of injuries? But these objections do not reach us—we do not attack religion, we denounce only a base and corrupt Catholicism. Let us disengage from Catholicism this common fund of all religions, and, one might, indeed, say, of all moralities. Let us examine its peculiar features, and seek its distinctive character, and we find what follows:

"We find a worship which enervates the soul, and addresses itself to the senses and not to the reason. We find a barbarous liturgy, made up of prayers and chants, in a dead language, which the great mass of the faithful do not comprehend; we find singular

or childish rites, luxurious ornaments, banners, thrones, miters, golden capes, and censurers, that all resemble gross pagan symbols. We find a devotion which consists essentially of works, and which admits of a crowd of ingenious compromises with heaven. We find sacraments, some of which are puerile as that of extreme unction; and others insufferable to reason, as the eucharist, which delivers a carnal God to the daily appetite of men; or as baptism obligatory for children even under pain of purgatory. We find some that are dangerous, as the system of orders, which creates a caste in contradistinction to the laity, and a priesthood of celibates; as auricular confession, which remits to the priests the supreme control of the conscience, and confides to their wisdom the profoundest secrets of families.

"We find the convenient system of morality brought to honor by the disciples of Loyola; the distinction between mortal and venial sins, and in the rank of mortal sins a failure to meet the prescriptions of the Church, such as abstinence from meat on Friday, and the Lenten fast, etc., sins, however, which may all be washed away by money dispensations.

"We find the 'miracles of the day,' that are posted in the journals and on the portals of the churches; children appearing to the peasants and foretelling the potato-rot if they do not repent; pilgrimages to noted shrines, and processions with banners on which are tableaux resembling the dragons and sacred fish of China; the worship of saints and innumerable demigods that swarm by thousands, whose office is to intercede with God for favors that he would refuse to the direct supplications of the faithful.

"We find the new idolatry of Mary conceived without sin, as it was ruled some twenty-four years ago, and who is much more invoked to-day than God the Father, and to whom, as also to the 'Sacred Heart,' revealed to Marie Alacque, are to-day the kingdom, the glory, and the tapers always burning on the 'privileged altars.'

"Need we speak of purgatory—that ingenious invention of the Church which continues to fill the purses of the clergy, and

turn into hard cash the sympathy for the dead? Need we speak of relics, of indulgences, and of all those engines of the arsenal of devotion, such as medals, images, tickets for heaven, scapularies, rosaries, and all this frippery of pious pretense more useful in gaining heaven according to the assertion of these modern doctors than all the virtue of an Epictetus, all the wisdom of a Gerson, and all the faith of a Pascal?

"All that precedes is the characteristic of Catholicism; it belongs to it as its peculiar feature, with the dogma of the infallibility of the pope, and some other institutions that we have seen. But now we ask what can become of the individual and the family in this atmosphere of superstitions subjected to these strange conditions of sanctification?

"And at first let us regard the individual. How stifling is this Romish religion for all human personality, for native energies, for free initiatives—this religion that takes man in the cradle, compresses the child into the inflexible case of its dogmas, and molds it to its enervating practices; which compels men to believe the absurd, which threatens as a sin that will entail eternal punishment all free investigation, and every digression outside the narrow boundaries traced by the Church; which restrains its followers from all investigation into other theologies and philosophies, and keeps him within its fold by this audacious maxim, 'Out of the Church no salvation.'

"How destructive of all thought is the rule which dispenses men from thinking for themselves and lays down for them a course of permitted reading with that which is not permitted, even to the Bible, that foundation of the Christian faith! Under such jealous tutelage what will a man be worth who needs thus to multiply precautions against looking on the exterior world, whom the least ray from without will inspire with an immense desire for liberty?

"And the danger to the family? I have often asked myself in this regard, what can be the state of mind of a husband who loves his wife, and who really deserves to be loved, when he thinks that all the secrets of this wife, so dear to him, the deepest

thoughts of her mind, the most delicate scruples of her conscience, which would not be confided even to him, will be revealed to another man who will know all the acts of her life, and will be admitted as a third party in the control of their household? And how much more lively must be his anguish, if his wife is calculated to please, when he thinks that this third party, that this priest, that is to say a celibate, is young, perhaps, and has passions so much the more ardent because he pretends to bury them in the depths of his heart!

"The husband begs and entreats that they spare him this torture. The wife resists. The Church commands, ought she not to obey? Does not the safety of her soul depend on this? Then it is the divorce of souls; there are disputes in which arguments are exchanged, in which the heads grow warm. The harmony of the household is gone—it becomes a hell. If peace is made it is signed at the expense of intimacy and association, and with the sacrifice of domestic happiness. Then commences the solitude of two—the worst of solitude. Often also tired of struggling, tired of finding between his wife and himself this intermediary and importunate priest, the husband yields and goes his own way. He resorts to the café or the club, whilst his wife goes to the mass. As she has her *director*, he will find his mistress in another woman. . . . Sad liberty which commences where happiness ceases!

"But there still remains an important question—that of the children. The most often this is settled against the rights of the father, in favor of the obstinacy and fanaticism of the mother. Will she give up her child, her blood, to the perverse teaching of the university or of the State schools? This would be to abandon him to the devil,—and again the husband yields through sheer fatigue. He leaves to the mother the care of the children, and she hands them over to the priest. The son is sent to the Jesuits; he will remain under the tutelage of the good fathers—so indulgent, so kind, so assiduous—until he issues from the Catholic college or university. In this interval the fathers will have succeeded in molding the

gentle nature of the child so that the man will retain the impress, and becomes in the world the loyal servant of the sect and the instrument of their designs.

"The daughter in the meanwhile is placed in the convent. And what she there learns in the matter of instruction will be a very slender meal. But to compensate for this her impressible soul will be given over to the influences of a mystical education which may lead her astray for ever. And how many young girls thus inflamed by the education of the convent lose their balance in contact with the world, and at the least disappointment in love see visions, renounce the world, and against the wish of their parents shut themselves up in a cloister, and devote to the service of the mystical lover their beauty, their youth, and all the wealth of their affection! The joy of the family thus vanishes; the future wife and mother becomes a suicide. Yes! shame on these cloisters which engulf so much happiness and so many hopes, and whose morbid air thus withers in its bloom the young plant from which were to spring immortal branches!

"Clericalism is a danger for the country. This is made up of individuals, it feels every social and every individual evil. Is it then possible that the general organism should not suffer when the essential parts are attacked?

"As we have seen, Catholicism has been for an age undergoing radical transformations. In the Middle Ages, and down to the French Revolution, its universal—that is, its catholic—character did not prevent it in France from being a religion profoundly national. Its clergy regarded as an honor this title of 'Gallican,' which has become an insult and a mark of heresy. Bossuet and Fénelon belonged to their age, which they helped to make illustrious. The Church gave to the state its great ministers, as Richelieu, Mazurin, and Fleury—and some of its worst, as Dubois. To philosophy, it gave Malebranche; to eloquence or letters, Massillon, Bourdaloue, and Flechier.

"All these names and still others figure with honor in the pantheon of our national glories. The French Church had therefore

its originality, its own fiber, and its untrammelled progress; it is confounded with no other. Its episcopacy debated with the pontiff, and in case of need knew how to resist him. Even the religious orders, such as the Dominicans, Oratorians, and Benedictines, were in a certain measure independent of Rome, and imbued with the noble emulation of striving for the glory and advancement of the country.

"But already, however, there was growing up an order which abdicates all national traditions, and desires to drag the Church after it into a new and violent way. The struggles of the Jesuits against the university, the Jansenists, and the Parliament—against kings, even the papacy itself, have filled the last two centuries with their incidents. Condemned by all, scorned by many, suspected of political crime and convicted of a lax morality, the militia of Loyola, who have sworn to mold the Church and society on the model of blind obedience, continue in their work, and forward march over all obstacles. Unseizable as Proteus, they escape the action of all laws, and when one thinks the order dissolved, it is found that they are only dispersed, and are always ready to reassemble at the signal of their general.

"Their agility, so much vaunted, conceals, moreover, an immense pride, and their policy is composed of defiance quite as much as of skill. It is in a spirit of defiance that they have followed the proclamation of the new dogmas—the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin and the Infallibility of the Pope; and it is in the same spirit that they have held and directed the hand that signed the *syllabus*. And what greater violence could they do the reason of the faithful and to religion itself than to introduce the gross worship of the 'bleeding heart' of Jesus Christ, which they invented and propagated, and which to-day for the great mass of the Catholics replaces the pure and simple devotion of the living God, who wished to be worshiped 'in spirit and in truth'?

"Indirectly the Revolution favored the sacrilegious work of the 'Society of Jesus.' When the tempter passed over the Church,

breaking the bonds of former ecclesiastical discipline, releasing the monks from their vow of chastity, forcing the priests to take the civil oath, shutting up the establishments for religious education, overthrowing the altars and abolishing religious worship, the ambitious Jesuits offer to re-establish all these things. The circumvented popes accept the services of these eager soldiers, who, in return for the patronage that they are to receive agree to place the world again at the feet of the Chair of St. Peter.

"But still obliged to conceal their plans under the First Empire, this Ultramontane power extends and gains ground under the Restoration, and since that time all political *régimes* have been powerless to prevent their progress. In that direction all the work of the revolution is thus wiped out. Under the protection of the Concordat, ceremonial worship, pilgrimages, 'missions,' Jesuit colleges, and convents, more numerous and prosperous than ever, reappear on French soil. A new sun seems to shine for Catholicism; one might call it a resurrection. But this resurrection bears the appearance of a sepulcher; every thing is well-arranged in this new Church, every thing is grand and beautiful, but one dies in this air. The best formed minds are stifled in it. Since the moment of this resurrection, where are the illustrious men in the Church who may do honor to the nation? What glorious names of authors, of moralists, of scholars, of statesmen can it show in order to console us for the attacks that it deals to the spirit of liberty? Lamennais left the Church uttering a cry of deliverance. And nearer to our own time Père Hyacinthe also left it shaking the dust from his sandals. At the period of his death Montalembert was on the point of leaving the Church, and other liberal men that remained in it, as the Bishop of Orleans, came near being driven from it by the satraps of the Jesuits.

"Liberal Catholicism, in which many of these noble spirits took refuge, dreaming and thinking possible a reconciliation between the Church and the modern world, this liberal Catholicism is suffering the burden of

the censures and anathemas of the Pope. It is the Infallible Pope who desires that the Church shall be modeled on the most absolute and anti-liberal conception, though the Church should perish from it. 'Let it be as it is, or let it not be.' That which one pope had said for the Jesuits themselves, other popes repeat for the Church which the Jesuits have fashioned in their own image. Away, ye moralists too austere! away, ye fathers of the Church! away the apostles and the teachings of Christ!

"Well, be it so! Let us take them as they present themselves. But what man of honest intent will deny that the triumph of their sect will be the signal of the country's ruin? For our generation, and for those which follow, the problem presents itself thus: Abdicate before the Jesuits or fight them. But to abdicate is to wipe out five centuries of our history; it is to retrace our way and fall back into the very Middle Ages—one single faith, one single pulpit ruling thrones and nations; and for heretics, infidels, and skeptics we shall have the Inquisition, with its tortures and its stakes; in short, the smothering of liberty and the human conscience.

"'In my capacity of citizen,' wrote Voltaire, 'I am not pleased to see citizens who cease to be so, and subjects who become the subjects of a foreigner, nor patriots who have no country; I wish that each State should be perfectly independent.'

"This thought is more than ever applicable to our situation. Much more than in the time of Voltaire our clerical cotemporaries respond to this definition of citizens who cease to be so, and of subjects who become the subjects of a foreigner. How can these doubtful patriots, who make the interests of Rome surpass those of France, not be a cause of weakness and suffering to their country?

"And thus France is suffering. She suffers without doubt of many ills, but at the source of them all one can find clericalism. And our nation is, moreover, not the only one at which the fatal cancer gnaws. See what Catholicism has done for Ireland; for Spain, and the Republics of South America;

see that which it has made of pontifical and monarchical Italy since the commencement of this century! The elements of life in all these countries are the elements of revolt. It is through these that Catholic nations have been preserved from complete, irremediable decay. . . . But we are confident that France will rise again; yes, Italy can rise again; even Spain, so debased, may still know a better destiny. But this is on the sole condition that they shall escape from the slow corruption that is devouring them, that they shall tear off the shirt of Nessus which wounds them and vitiates their blood.

"The comparison between Catholic and Protestant countries has been made a hundred times; and what need is there of insisting on this point and multiplying proofs. Recall your impressions of travel in England and Spain, the United States and Paraguay, and compare these countries; compare North Germany to Bavaria or Italy; compare Protestant with Catholic Switzerland, and with whom rests the advantage?

"It is a question of race they will say. It is the Latin races that are in decay, and because they are Latin, not because they are Catholic. But how fatal would be a law that would condemn nations because of their tongue or their origin. And, moreover, there are facts which protest against this assumed law. Is Ireland, so inferior to England and Scotland in civilization and wealth, any more Latin than they? And when we speak of the superiority of the Protestant over the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, we can add that this superiority is above all question either of race or of tongue.

"Let us acknowledge it—the true cause of the inferiority and decay of nations and morals is in the religious and social institutions. And if it clearly appears that with certain nations a certain form of religion weakens the family, corrupts public morals, favors reaction, and is a cause of the retrograde movement of society, and that certain other nations of a different religious belief,

grow, develop, and gain in strength, instruction, and liberty, one should conclude against the religion of the former and give them urgent counsel to change their faith, under penalty sooner or later of ending in servitude."

These, then, are the unanswerable charges made against Ultramontanism at the bar of France, and in the judgment of all candid people they are certainly grave enough to demand a verdict of guilty, and this just now seems to be the conviction of the ruling element of the nation. What is most needed now in the premises is to organize and mobilize the opposition to the encroachments of Catholicism. This the State is doing by the action of the ministers in the respective departments of instruction and worship, and the lists are very clearly drawn. But this conflict needs more than the weapons of mere politics or policy; it needs the moral support that it can only receive from enlightened conscience that believes it quite as criminal to be indifferent as hostile in this hour of trial. It needs the awakening of the religious sentiment of men, for the struggle is one of religion under the mantle of state-craft.

A large portion of the thinking and intelligent men of France seem now to see that this is the issue, and are preparing more than ever before to listen to arguments in this direction. Many of these doubtless are willing to adopt a religion as a matter of policy at first, who will probably afterward adhere to it as a measure of pleasure or at last of conviction. It has already operated so in several very notable instances, and why may it not in others? The victory is half-gained in a strife like this when men are willing to read and listen, and this certainly many are now doing who previously have turned deaf ears and blind eyes to those crying aloud in this desert. It is at least something to know that there is a daily journal in Paris that is professedly *anti-clerical*, and which is openly summoning a superstitious and tyrannical clergy to the bar of the nation, where it is sure to be stripped of its false habiliments, and made to appear in its true colors.

JAMAICA.

THE Island of Jamaica, once styled "the brightest jewel in the British Crown," has yet a peerless beauty which no painter has sketched. Its loveliness, after three hundred years of European occupation, is unrivaled. It is full of untold resources, alike for the economist and the artist. But its geography and its history have employed the pens of able writers without receiving full justice. It is still largely a virgin soil, promising full compensation to adequate culture.

Jamaica was discovered by Columbus three hundred and eighty-six years ago, on his second westward voyage. Later he revisited the island, and wintered in one of its land-locked harbors on the north side, near St. Ann's Bay, that is still called "Christopher's Cove." The land near by he called Seville, in honor of the place of that name in old Spain. Here, when his men mutinied and deserted him, and when he was lying ill and helpless, the natives protected and relieved him.

Columbus describes Jamaica as being well wooded, as abounding in springs and streams, and clothed, from plain to mountain summit, in richest livery of grass and flower and shrub. Only those who have seen the luxuriant profusion of tropical verdure can appreciate the gorgeous beauty on which the wondering mariner gazed and which won for it the name Xamaica, the land of woods and streams, which name anglicized into Jamaica it has ever since borne. Columbus saw no cities nor towns, nor even buildings, when his eyes first beheld Jamaica; but he looked upon what was to be the seat of a dense population, an island which was to be dotted with prosperous towns, and with populous cities, as it is to-day.

In virtue of its discovery it was a Spanish colony. It remained such for a hundred and sixty-one years. The gentle natives who had welcomed Columbus only with kindness became the helpless victims of Spanish violence and rapacity, and soon

melted away like a hoar-frost in the sun. In fifty years one hundred thousand of them had perished. The full story of their wrongs has never been written, it never can be; and we instinctively turn away from the horrible story.

In 1655 Oliver Cromwell, Lord High Protector of England, without any formal declaration of war, sent General Venable and Admiral Penn to the West Indies, ostensibly to make reprisals in the Caribbean Sea for injuries done by Spain to English commerce; but really to capture and subjugate Santo Domingo. Instead of securing that coveted prize, they made a successful descent upon Jamaica. From that day to this, for now two centuries and a quarter, Jamaica has been an English colony. Down to 1865 it was an independent, self-governing colony. Since then, when the charter was surrendered, it has been a crown-colony, all its officers being appointed by the crown, instead of being elected by the colonists.

Jamaica lies in the Caribbean Sea, within seventeen degrees of the equator, extended about sixty-five miles north and south, by one hundred and seventy-five miles east and west, with an area of six thousand four hundred square miles. It holds a central and controlling position in the Caribbean Sea. South of Cuba, one hundred miles, and west of Santo Domingo, ninety miles, both of which islands can be seen in clear weather, from the Jamaica mountains; it is less than fifteen hundred miles southward from New York, and it is five hundred miles eastward from the Isthmus of Darien, on the line of the British and Australian steamers and of the ships sailing from the United States to South America.

The population of Jamaica is about half a million, less than eighty to the square mile. The distribution of colors, as also their relative increase, is somewhat singular; thus; whites, thirteen thousand, decreased at the rate of five per cent in the decade preceding 1871; colored or mixed races, one hundred

thousand, an increase of nearly twenty thousand, or twenty-four per cent. The blacks, of full African blood, number nearly four hundred thousand. They had increased, during the same time, over twelve per cent. Tropical countries are able to support larger populations than those of temperate latitudes. Probably this island would not be too crowded with a population of two hundred to the square mile. The increase of thirty per cent of the population in ten years proves Jamaica a healthy island. In the same decade, the population of the United States, with its large yearly immigration increased only sixty-three per cent. The census tables of Jamaica, disprove the statement sometimes made, that mulattoes are not a fruitful race.

The educational statistics of the island, are, on the whole, creditable, though the standard of learning is not an elevated one, as it might be expected would be the case among a race so lately redeemed from slavery. Nearly thirty per cent of the population are either able to read and write, or else are found attending school, and there is fair reason to expect that but few of the next generation will be found entirely illiterate.

Following the English method, all the Churches sustain day-schools, some of which, however, are under government inspection; and besides these Church schools and the inspected elementary schools, run entirely by the colony, the government sustains reformatory and normal schools. Of the latter there are six, at which two hundred persons are being trained for teachers. There are also six model schools, with an attendance of three hundred and twenty-five. The increase of trained teachers in five years was seventy-five per cent; of inspected schools, forty-three per cent in four years; and of average attendance, sixty-two per cent. The sum of government aid dispensed proves the growth of the schools, for it was according to the amount and character of the work done. In 1868-1871 the increase of grants was one hundred and eighty per cent. In Kingston there are three endowed schools of higher grade—the Mico, Woolmer's and the Hebrew National Insti-

tute, and two unendowed; namely, the Calabar and the Collegiate. The Calabar is under the patronage and care of the Baptists; the Collegiate, of the Scotch Kirk. These institutions are either independent or only partially under Church control. Including those in Kingston, there are eleven endowed schools in Jamaica, with an aggregate of nearly a million of dollars of capital, the annual income from which is about fifty thousand dollars. Of Church schools the Church of England has one hundred and thirty-nine; the Baptists, one hundred and fourteen; the Wesleyans, sixty-nine; the Presbyterians, forty-two; London Missionary Society, fifteen; United Methodist Free Church, fourteen; American Missionary Association, five; Roman Catholic, eleven; Hebrews, one; making, of secular and Church schools, six hundred and eleven.

Of what are known as the Mico schools of the British West India Islands, the following is the brief story: Lady Mico, who died in 1710, left a sum of money, with which to redeem white Christian slaves in Barbary. In 1827, this amounted to £110,000. No white slaves remaining in Barbary, to be redeemed, in 1834, when the slaves were emancipated in the British West Indies, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, conceived that the interest of this money might be legitimately applied to the Christian instruction of the West India freedmen. This was acceded to, and to the interest of this sum the government added a temporary annual grant of twenty thousand pounds for the same benevolent object. Rev. Archdeacon Trew, who had won Mr. Buxton's highest esteem by his sacrifices and labors on behalf of the negroes, during a long residence in Jamaica, was made the first superintendent of this Christian mission.

Sir T. F. Buxton desired that the system should be conducted on liberal and comprehensive principles; and he sought Mr. Trew's views. "They are simply these," said Mr. Trew, "the Word of God is the only basis on which a Christian education can rest." "Granted," said Mr. Buxton, "and on no other principle would I have any thing to do with this charity." Upon

these principles, Mr. Buxton commenced this trust, and by them he and his co-trustees ever afterwards conducted it. In 1835 Mr. Trew took to the West Indies twenty teachers who had been mostly trained at the Normal Seminary in Glasgow by that prince among elementary educators, Daniel Stow. Normal schools were established in Jamaica and Antigua. In those islands, in which for education comparatively little had been done prior to emancipation, as in Trinidad, St. Lucia, Mauritius, and Seychelles, elementary schools were established, as well as schools for training native teachers. In the country parts of Jamaica, as the largest British West India Island, several such schools were established, besides the training school and the other schools in Kingston. In a few years upwards of five hundred native teachers from every Christian denomination had been trained in the institutions in Kingston and in Antigua.

The withdrawal of the government grant, after a few years, caused the abandonment of all the country schools in Jamaica and of those in Trinidad, Bahamas, Seychelles, and Mauritius, thus, unfortunately, paralyzing a system that otherwise would have made its stamp upon the progress of the British West Indies. Nine schools are still kept up in St. Lucia, as well as the training colleges. Since 1854 the institution in Jamaica has received a fresh impulse, and it is now the leading training college for the West Indies. Four hundred teachers have been trained in it, of whom three hundred and twenty have been put in charge of schools. Altogether five thousand five hundred and fifty children have passed through the school. The ablest native ministers and teachers among the Wesleyans, Independents, and Church of England, have been prepared at this institution. The training colleges are governed by a Board of Trustees in London, and they are managed by a resident superintendent who is the principal of the school and the agent of the Trustees. He is aided by a Normal master and two assistants. The educational buildings in Kingston are the largest in Jamaica. These colleges are non-denominational but Protestant.

There is a prevalent idea that the Jamaicans are degraded and immoral. This notion results in part from unfair and prejudicial statements made by superficial observers and sensational writers of the Trollope style. One writer avers that four-fifths of the people are illegitimate, and that they are the most degraded of any he had ever seen. The writer could never have seen the New Granadians, the Mexican Greasers, the Coast Indians of the Pacific, nor the Digger Indians of Nevada. He could not have given the subject a fair investigation—perhaps for want of time. I know such representations are grossly unjust. A few facts will prove them so. It is admitted that licentiousness has somewhat, indeed, lamentably prevailed, as it usually does in connection with slavery. Some of the sensualism since prevalent has been the natural result of slavery times and manners. But it is much less prevalent now than formerly. The rural population and to a large extent, the people of the cities, have their own homesteads and families, and keep up their domestic relations and home comforts—facts utterly impossible under a general depravation of morals.

The Churches have a strong hold upon the people. Church discipline is as strict as in any country. One-third of the population are members of the Church, or of some Christian congregation. One-half the population are under direct Christian influence. There are three hundred and seventy-six churches, or one to every thirteen hundred and seventy of the population. There are two hundred and thirty ministers, or one for every twenty-seven hundred of the population. There are seventy-five thousand Church members and two hundred thousand Church sittings, and a regular attendance of one hundred and fifty thousand upon the Church services. What other Christian country can make a better showing?

The Church of England was disestablished in 1870, except as to present rectors and curates, who are to receive salaries from the public treasury only during their incumbency. The Church of England has fifty thousand sittings, and an average attendance of twenty-nine thousand; commu-

nicans, fourteen thousand. The Baptists have one hundred and eight chapels, with a sitting capacity of fifty thousand. The Wesleyans have thirty-five ministers, sixty-five chapels, sitting capacity forty thousand. Church members seventeen thousand. Coke chapel, in Kingston, is a fine brick structure, capable of seating two thousand persons. It has a large and powerful organ; a school-house is on the premises. Coke Society was organized by Rev. Thomas Coke, LL. D., who was, also, one of the first bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. To his name belongs the honor of having planted and organized Methodism in Jamaica. His first visit was in 1789. He visited the island three times, suffering much from mobs and imprisonments and fines. Thirteen times he crossed the Atlantic on his mission of love. Wesley chapel will seat three thousand persons. It is usually crowded. It has by far the largest organ in the island. The Church property of the Wesleyans is worth one hundred thousand pounds, on which there is no debt. These seventeen thousand Church members raise nine thousand pounds for Church and religious purposes, an average of two dollars and seventy cents a year each; and yet such a people are represented as debased and immoral!

A gentleman of my acquaintance amassed a fortune of ten thousand pounds in fifteen years by his own toil and thrift. He built a church and gave it to the conference, and then engaged to support a minister to preach in it. Another had acquired twenty thousand pounds in a like term, and he occupied a commanding commercial position. In one year one hundred and fifteen thousand pounds were deposited in the savings-banks, and there are usually half a million pounds sterling on deposit in the savings-banks. When the low rate of wages is considered, from twenty-five to thirty cents a day for the out-door work of an able-bodied man, these savings are something remarkable. These facts are not compatible with a very low state of morals.

There are one hundred and ten thousand of the population—more than one-third of the adults—who are married, or who have

been married. There is general security to travelers and sojourners in the island. The writer has traveled in all parts of the island by day and by night, alone and with his family, and he was never molested. Every two or three weeks the several sugar estates have to send a messenger into the towns to get money to pay off the hands. He travels alone, unarmed, on foot, and he carries from three to five hundred pounds. It is well known who he is and what his business, yet he is never molested. Only one case has ever occurred that a messenger was robbed, and the punishment followed so swift, and the moral tone of the island is such that the act was never repeated. But still the people of Jamaica are not all angels nor saints. They are not all as industrious and thrifty as could be wished; and yet what they have done in lines that are common to civilized and Christian communities disproves the allegation that they are notoriously degraded and immoral. In several respects they have given proof of possessing high qualities. Their schools and churches and their general orderliness are marked and commendable. While there are among the blacks some who are idle and vagabondish, as a rule the people are industrious and frugal. Considering their origin and treatment their thrift is rather remarkable than otherwise. All the West India islands were peopled by pagan Africans. Less than fifty years ago these people were slaves. The depraving tendencies of slavery need not be stated, and that of Jamaica was of the most degrading and unmitigated sort. The questions are pertinent: Are the Jamaican freedmen capable of civilization? Can they be educated, Christianized? Are they capable of developing the material resources of the country? All the facts in the case make an unequivocal affirmative answer to these inquiries.

Kingston, the capital and the chief commercial town, has forty thousand inhabitants. It is pleasantly situated on the harbor of the same name. An elegant iron market-house, beautiful and extensive and durable, with a solid sea-wall in front, has been erected at a cost of seventy-five thousand pounds. There is nothing equaling it in the West

Indies. The chief towns on the south side of the island are Morant, Spanish Town, Savannah la Mar, Port Royal, and Kingston. On the north side are Port Antonio, Manchioneel, Ocho Rios, St Anns, Duncans, Falmouth, Montego Bay, and Lucia.

There is a charming picturesqueness about the scenery of Jamaica, especially in those places where the land and water views blend. This is true of Falmouth and Montego Bay. The former stands out in the sea; the latter is shut in from the sea by two almost encompassing crescents.

New Castle is a collection of barracks for soldiers. When the soldiers were formerly stationed at Port Augusta, opposite Port Royal, where the land is flat and marshy, they often suffered severely from the yellow fever, and therefore New Castle was selected as likely to furnish them healthier quarters. It is sixteen miles from Kingston and twenty miles from the sea. Its altitude is four thousand feet. As you enter the harbor it can be distinctly seen—its rows of white barracks and its clearly defined streets make it look like a hanging city on the mountain-side. It commands a view up and down the island on the south side for seventy-five miles. The air is here most delightfully cool and pleasant.*

Jamaica has twelve fine harbors. That of Kingston is very remarkable. Ten miles east of Kingston a coral reef makes out from the land, and in a long, narrow tongue it runs parallel with the south water line of the island, making an inland sea of four miles wide by fourteen miles long, and forming one of the finest harbors in the world.

There are no venomous serpents, nor bears, foxes, nor wolves in Jamaica. Red-tailed deer, conies, and wild hogs abound in the high mountains. Grouse, pigeons, guinea-fowls, snipes, and ducks are found. Parquets and other birds of charming plumage

and song abound. There is a great variety of humming-birds. The annoying reptiles and insects are centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas, spiders, ticks, fleas, and chigres. Their bites and stings, though intensely annoying, are not fatal nor specially serious. They rarely attack persons unless surprised or cornered. Bees, both wild and tame, abound. Wild bees make their honey in the rocks. In an open cave protected from rain and winds, about fifty feet above the ground, I saw five large swarms.

Only two-fifths of the island are cultivated. The value of estates, as well as the demand for them, has of late increased. A small estate in St. John's of about two hundred acres was withdrawn in 1871 on an offer of six thousand pounds. In 1872 it was valued at ten thousand pounds. The government offers one hundred thousand acres of uncultivated lands at one pound per acre. The soil is a strong loam of high fertility. There are estates which have been in continuous cane culture for one hundred years, which will still yield as much cane to the acre and of as high saccharine quality as any land in the world. The land can be cultivated to the tops of the mountains, eight thousand feet high, as frost never touches the highest points. Sometimes two crops of certain things in the year can be raised. The principal rock is white limestone of recent formation. Trap rock is there, but not in abundance. All the rocks are amorphous. The remains of ancient volcanoes are seen in the western part of the island. Gold, iron, and copper are there, but not concentrated nor abundant.

The climate of Jamaica, though occasionally sultry, is yet very pleasant. It combines the temperatures of the torrid and of the temperate zones. Its insular position and the trade-winds keep it cooler than the weather in like continental latitudes. These

*I have known the climates of various districts on this continent. I have breathed the dry air of Mexico and Lower California. I have crossed the Alleghanies, the Rocky, and Humboldt ranges, as also the Sierras, and I have traversed the great American basin. I have felt the bracing atmosphere of British Columbia, Alaska, and Oregon, yet I have never found a climate so exquisitely refreshing and delicious as that of the mountains

of Jamaica. That of Cuba and San Domingo is probably similar, as they are both mountainous, like Jamaica, and are swept by the same trade winds. To rise in the early morning and to go forth and pluck, in the Jamaica mountains, a ripe orange which has been cooled by the dews and breezes is to know the highest pleasure of indulging the appetite for fruit. Nothing can be more exquisite.

blow all the year, except a few days in September. The temperature is also affected by the face of the land. One may vary his climate by his altitude. A lofty mountain range extends the whole length of the island, with an extreme height of nearly eight thousand feet, and with an average of, say, four thousand feet. In the Liguanea plains, three miles from Kingston, say, two hundred feet above the sea, the mercury in the warmest weather rises to ninety degrees; during the cooler months to eighty degrees. It has sometimes, but rarely, risen to ninety-three degrees, and sometimes it has gone as low as sixty-three degrees. The barometer, at the same place, does not fluctuate more than two-tenths of an inch, from twenty-nine and eight-tenths to thirty inches, except on some rare occasions. Hurricanes seldom occur, not oftener than once in thirty or forty years, and when they do, they are less destructive than in the windward islands. The usual track of the Caribbean cyclone is about forty miles south of Jamaica. The rainy seasons are in May and October, each lasting about three weeks.

Severe earthquakes have sometimes been felt. Some are noiseless, others make noise enough for half a dozen heavy thunderstorms combined. That of 1692 was the most terrific ever known there. Peals like thunder were heard in the St. Andrew's hills, ten miles away. Then three shocks were felt, each more violent than the preceding; the last one upheaved the sea, and sunk two-thirds of Port Royal, with two thousand persons. Houses were thrown down in different parts of the island. A thousand acres of land, on the north side of the island, were submerged beneath the sea. Between Spanish Town and the Bog-walk, the Rio Cobra was dammed up, until, at length, the river became a lake; and then breaking through its new-made barriers, it swept all before it to the sea. In St. David's a portion of a mountain was torn away. Five hundred feet down through the mountain from the summit, the solid rocks were riven and half the mountain, perhaps a million tons in weight, was hurled upon the plain below. "Judgment Hill" and "Mount

Sinni" are the names this doomed mountain has since borne. River courses were changed. Old springs disappeared and new fountains were opened.*

In 1744 a hurricane and an earthquake combined their terrors, destroying much shipping and many lives. One hundred and four ships were lost. Such calamities, however, have been quite rare. Three earthquakes, two of them very severe, occurred during my three years' sojourn in the island. One made much noise, the others were quite noiseless.

Jamaica yields sugar, rum, coffee, pimento, ginger, sago, arrowroot, rice, indigo, cinchona, senna, pine-apples, plantains, bananas, bread-fruit, oranges, lemons, shaddock, achey, grapes, mangoes, mangosteens, guava, figs, cocoa-nuts, dates, sweet sop, sour sop, cherry-moyer, star-apple, pomegranates, yams, sweet-potatoes, wax, honey, logwood, fustic, ebony, brazilletto wood, lignum-vitæ, satin-wood, gray sanders, candle-wood, bitter-wood, cedar, mahogany. The season of the mango is from June to November, and so largely is this a food staple that during its season the flour importation falls off one-half. It is an exotic, brought to Jamaica, a hundred years ago, by Lord Rodney, an English admiral, who captured a French vessel off the Isle of Bourbon, containing six hundred varieties of tropical plants and fruits. They were brought to Jamaica and cultivated. Among these were thirty kinds of mangoes. The names by which they were distinguished were the labels numbered from one to thirty. To this day they are known by their numbers, number eleven being the best. The mango is about the size and color of the pippin, differing in appearance from the

*I have read the epitaph, in the Port Royal Cemetery of one of the survivors of this earthquake; namely, "Lewis Goldy, who died December 22, 1739, eighty years of age." This was forty-seven years after the great earthquake. He was a native of Montpellier, France; but being a Protestant he had sought a home in Jamaica. The inscription states that he was swallowed up in a fissure caused by the earthquake, then, by another shock, he was cast into the sea, whence he escaped by swimming. After this he flourished as a merchant in Port Royal, and he represented four parishes in successive legislative assemblies.

apple by having no calyx, and by being rather plum than apple shape. The flavor of the mango is a combination of the flavors of the most delicious peach, plum, and nectarine. The mangosteen is even more delicious than the mango. Persons who have never eaten tropical fruits in the tropics can form no idea of their excellent quality. The oranges and pine-apples of commerce are no more like those eaten ripe, where grown, than a crude wild apple resembles the best cultivated varieties. You would as soon think of painting the rose to make it lovelier, or of adding sugar to honey to make it sweeter, as to sweeten an orange or prepare pine-apples for use by adding sugar to them. Fruit is much used in the tropics as a dessert. A fashionable dish is the mixture of oranges and sour sop, or sweet sop, which is called matrimony. Another is shaddock, which is eaten with the fingers, and as the fruit is juiceless, or nearly so, no inconvenience results. Pomegranates are used in the same way. The achey is a most singular fruit. It grows on a tree, about the size and appearance of an apple-tree. The fruit itself, on the tree, reminds one of apples; but a nearer inspection shows a marked difference. The seeds grow on the outside of the fruit in the end opposite the stem, answering to the calyx of the apple. Close around the seeds is a black section, the seed also being black. This black part is a deadly poison, and it must be carefully removed before the fruit is cooked. The flesh of the achey is slightly yellow. When cooked by boiling, the usual mode, the achey is the color and the flavor of boiled eggs, and the dish is always eaten as a dressing with fresh or salt fish.

The cabbage-palm is a very peculiar growth. It is a species of palm, a section of which, just below the fronds, is green in color on the surface, succulent, tender, and of the taste and nature of cabbage. It is used as cabbage, both eaten boiled and prepared as a pickle. The section is larger or smaller according to the size of the tree and the rapidity of its growth. In rare cases it is twelve inches in diameter and three feet in length.

The vegetation of Jamaica is of great va-

riety and profusion. Ferns and tree-ferns abound, the latter of all sizes from six feet in height to seventy-five feet. Mosses and vines and lichens are most abundant. In the cups of the lichens, dew and rain are retained during droughts, and the birds use them freely at such times. In those parts of the island not well watered and subject to drought, the cactus abounds. In the parishes of Kingston, St. Andrews, St. Catharine, and Vere, they are used for making fences.

The Baobab, or silk cotton tree, grows to an enormous size. It is common to all tropical countries, being found in the East Indies and Brazil. Dr. Livingstone speaks of it in Africa. It is the largest known tree in the world. Branches and roots grow, laterally, to an immense distance, and the trunk is buttressed at roots and branches to support the great strain made on them. There is one at Up Park Camp, two miles from Kingston, which makes a noonday shadow two hundred and fifty feet in diameter. Under the shade of this mighty giant of the forest the regimental band (colored), twice a week, discourse sweet music, which the Kingston *élite* ride out to enjoy. Only one-third part of this tree is in bearing at a time; one-third part is in full bloom with the cotton, one-third part is in leaf, only; and the other third is leafless and apparently dead; but it is only resting and recruiting for its turn, which will come round every third year. The silk cotton tree is the favorite of the wild fig, *Ficus Indica*. This plant is a rapid and vigorous grower, and when it takes hold of the Baobab, it encircles every inch of its surface and literally hugs it to death; and then, sending shoots down from the branches to the ground, these root and grow stiff and so support the scaffolded vine. Sometimes this process goes on until the tree seems to have a hundred trunks. This is called the Banyan tree in India. Thus the shape and appearance of the Baobab tree is retained, long after the tree itself is dead and decayed, and the vigorous growth and remarkable verdure of the wild fig, as well as the many supporting trunks, give the apparent tree a singular beauty which the real one never had.

The Jamaica cedar is a great curiosity. In fiber, color, and smell the wood exactly corresponds with the cedar of temperate and arctic latitudes. But the tree, instead of being conical in form and close limbed like other cedars, is open and branching like the oak or the linden, with oak-shaped leaves as large as those of the linden.

The agave, or century plant, is common and abundant. One sees as many of them in the forests of Jamaica as of dogwood or pawpaw in ours. There are yellow and white and red blooming varieties. They do not, in the West Indies require a hundred years to bloom; but mature at irregular periods, often of twenty or more years. The night-blooming cereus also abounds.

Jamaica has the finest roads in the world. The administrations, present and former, unlike our American method, have acted upon the old Roman maxim—that the first, second, and third elements of a high civilization, are the creation and maintenance of good roads. A broad, graded, Macadamized road, not excelled for smoothness and hardness by those of Central and Prospect Parks, extends quite around the Island. Another crosses it from Spanish Town to St. Anns. It scales the mountains at an elevation of three thousand feet, with a grade so easy that a pair of horses with a light buggy will trot up the ascent. Besides these carriage roads there are good bridle paths in the steeper mountain passes, so making accessible all parts. No tolls are taken on bridges or on roads. The whole road system is under the care of a salaried and able engineer, thus securing promptness and effectiveness of service. The cost, amounting annually to forty-five thousand pounds, is met by general and special taxes.

Leading directly across the island from Old Harbor to Christopher's Cove is an old Spanish road. It must have been built nearly three hundred years, yet it is still a pretty good road and in tolerable repair. When the ruggedness of the country, the earthquakes, and the violence of the rains in tropical countries are considered, the excellence of this old Spanish road is a marvel.

The island is undeniably healthful. The

medical faculties in England, Germany, and America have commended this climate for invalids, especially those suffering from phthisis. Many have gone there with shattered health and have returned with renewed vigor. There are as many and as healthy old persons according to the population as in any part of the United States; and this is true, not only of natives, white and colored, but also of persons going there from other countries and remaining there many years. The laboring classes are robust and vigorous. Kingston, with a crowded population, with narrow streets and no sewers, and with garbage reeking under a tropical sun, except as devoured by scavenger birds, is as free from diseases as any city of its size in the world. In addition to these facts, an increase of thirty per cent of the population, in ten years, without any influx by immigration, is conclusive. Approached from the south, the island lies mirrored in the deep sea, clear and distinct, an image of unsurpassed loveliness. From the north the land rises into gracefully rounded high hills, separated from each other, by spacious intervals, with running streams and foaming, dashing cascades. The surface on the south side is much more irregular and craggy. Several ridges, less high than the principal range, appear in the foreground, and all, to their highest peaks, are clad in fideless green. All this, seen from the deck of the approaching steamer; the corrugated surface; the serrated, comb-like crest, profiling itself against the sky; here, the bold outline; there the gentle slope; the sharp acclivity, the rugged gorge; forest and field and glen and glade, make up a wonderful perspective, never surpassed, and once seen never forgotten. Columbus describes its first appearance, as seen from the south, as resembling a sheet of paper, compressed and crumpled, and then left with all its creases and seams upon it. The nearer view is not less enchanting. A ride through the famous Bog-walk—a chasm, riven from summit to base of mountain, by some sudden convulsion of nature—along the meanderings of the Rio Cobra, into the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-vale, among inclosed meadows

or cane-fields, and orange orchards, laden with their golden fruit; and pimento groves, redolent of the most exquisite aroma; and coffee-walks decked in brightest scarlet and green, presents a picture of beauty never even faintly conceived.

The famous "Bog-walk" is very peculiar. The Rio Cobra at this point breaks through the mountains, and flows, in a deep gorge or cañon, the walls rising hundreds of feet on either side. The "Bog-walk" proper is three miles long. The cañon extends five miles. The road crosses the river many times. It perhaps should be added that the land on the north side, has, in fifty years, risen above or receded from the sea, twelve or fourteen inches, and on the south side it has gone into the sea as far, showing a gradual but perceptible leaning of the island from a perpendicular to a southwardly inclination. To those who have seen engravings of the deep-sea soundings in the Caribbean, this gradual dip may portend ultimate submergence.

The Jamaicans are of simple, gentle manners. They are proverbially kind, courteous, and hospitable. You rarely meet a person without receiving a respectful salutation, while acts of rudeness and unkindness are quite exceptional. The natives are passionately fond of music and dancing. They are generally, and especially those living in rural districts, industrious, honest, frugal, thrifty. Their neat cottages surrounded by flowers and shrubbery and palms and bananas and clinging parasites, and the invariable plantain patch near, give one an idea of much home comfort and order. Travelers have sometimes, but erroneously, judged of the whole people by the specimens they have seen lying around loose and lazy in the sea-ports. These are, indeed, often squalid, dirty, vagabondish.

Many of the blacks and colored people hold office. There are colored clerks, mag-

istrates, aldermen, attorneys, divines. Some of them have gained great eminence in their special lines. Richard Hill, who died a few years ago, distinguished himself as a naturalist and a historian. An attorney in Kingston, Mr. D. P. Nathan, of Scotch descent, would compare favorably with the most brilliant and talented members of the legal profession in our country. Rev. Samuel Snyth, a black man, a Wesleyan minister, is a native of St. Kitts. He would gracefully and effectively fill any pulpit in Christendom. Rev. Robert Fraser, a colored Wesleyan minister, who died five or six years ago, was a learned, eloquent, saintly preacher. Thirty years ago, he made speeches in Exeter Hall, London, which produced a most profound impression.

Almost the entire constabulary force of the island, amounting to nine hundred and forty persons, are black and colored. So, also, are the main body of the troops. There are colored pilots, mechanics, and merchants. They are as successful in their several callings as the whites. Very many of the black and colored people are thoroughly educated, and highly accomplished in their manners as well as elegant and graceful in their persons. Commercially, socially, intellectually, and morally, a bright future awaits this people. Living, as they do, in the pathway of the world's commerce and travel, with a luxuriant soil, a delicious, and salubrious climate, with growing culture and intelligence and with increasing wealth, they will yet sit, as did Tyre of old, mistress of the seas, the envy and the admiration of the nations.

With the people of their sister islands, who are now, and who will be hereafter, Africans and mixed African and white breeds, it will be their high destiny and honor to vindicate their capabilities and rights, and to roll back the unjust reproach and debasement which centuries of toil and bondage had cast upon them.

IN THE BODLEIAN.

HOW many of my readers have ever been into the Bodleian, in Oxford? How many Americans have ever read there? and how many even of the readers have ever dived into its depths or explored even a fraction of one of its departments? Nay, how many people even in England have ever made more than a hurried visit to this remarkable library?

True, in the Summer term at Oxford down the center passage of the library goes a ceaseless rustle of ladies' dresses—"lionesses" led by undergraduate escorts as strange to the place as themselves, glide past the studies or stand more than half-"bored" at the cases of manuscripts and autograph letters. Yet even the giddiest and most ignorant among them must feel a little ashamed of the *ennui* which oppresses them. Surrounded by the thought of centuries, and face to face with those old parchments, with their famous signatures and ghostly halo of associations, even the hard-riding undergraduate, even the girl fresh from one flirtation and already planning another, must surely feel a moment's sobering, a moment's sense of insignificance. But the visit and its conscience-prickings are short-lived. Half an hour is enough for most sight-seers, and the Bodleian knows them no more. Sometimes as you stand at the catalogue shelf you may see a more interesting group approaching—a little old parish clergyman, perhaps, with thin, white hair and generally wise look, arrayed in a rusty master's gown, infinitely too long for him. He has just hired it, with the battered cap, regardless of fit. No matter. Behind walk wife and daughters much impressed by the new splendor of his appearance; besides in the wife's heart, perhaps, there awakes a sweet momentary sympathy with her husband's youth, that youth which laid all its capabilities and crudities at her feet, to which her girlhood gave itself gladly, and which is now such a dream to both. Then you may see him, the small, ancient man, with conscious gait and eyes twinkling under his spectacles,

board a passing librarian, make his name and academical status known with modest dignity, and demand a book. It is a manuscript of Wyclif's "Sermons," perhaps, or a superb "St. Augustine;" and tottering under its weight, he takes it to some quiet resting-place, where, in the bosom of his family, he details in an audible whisper his knowledge of its meaning. Gladly the Bodleian harbors such a simple, reverend presence, and she closes her doors upon him with a benison.

Not less varied are the readers for whose present benefit these priceless stores are opened; readers of both sexes and of every age, from the freshman touched with a love for gay illuminations to the spectacled bookworm, whose mornings for forty weeks in the year have ever been consecrated to learning here. They come from all lands, for the Bodleian has treasures inaccessible elsewhere, and its manuscripts and unique early printed books draw hungry seekers from across the sea. From Russia, sometimes; of course from Germany; now and then an Italian may be seen here, for whom Milan and the Vatican have not sufficed; or even an American scholar thirsting to draw from one of the oldest storehouses of the Old World. Most typical of all is the German—a man still young probably, and yet with an air of age lent to him by his spectacles and his gray complexion and his colorless hair; a man of few words, and those guttural ones, of manners not the pleasantest, of dress not the most becoming; but patient in his obedience to his self-imposed task, as his countrymen to their captains in the field. He may be single-minded, or he may be controversial and terribly militant; but, whether or not, he has an enemy to crush, and he travels straight on, missing nothing relevant, sparing no pains, and troubled by no vile illegibilities of fifteenth century handwriting. He is editing Nonnus, perhaps; he finds nothing tedious in those forty-eight books of Dionysiaca, where the tinsel and the dull-

ness of a *rococo* poetry is poorly redeemed by little gems of real observation and feeling; our German thinks nothing for the present of feeling or *rococo*—his business is to collate. Or it is a question of Athenian economy misjudged by Boeckh, or Lachmann's "Lucretius" has to be exploded, or Herr Tischendorf shown to be wrong on the text of St. John. He plods on patiently through all difficulties, absorbed in the papers before him, and utterly heedless of the whispering visitors that curiously rustle by.

Not all readers, however, are foreigners—not all learning has died out of England. Practical the English are, for the most part, even in their higher education; if they do not learn book-keeping and the work of the steam-engine, they strive, most of them, to learn those things only which fit them to play their part in the world—to talk well, to write brilliantly, to philosophize cleverly at any and every crisis. But though this is the tendency of the higher education in England, and notably in Oxford, despite what Oxonians may say to the contrary, there are students left in England still. That old man in the study that you are passing, with his face buried in a folio of Plotinus, has learning enough to make even Dr. Gransam stare. Perhaps, if the paradox be allowed, he is too literally a student—too much bent on study, and too little on realizing study for the world's benefit. Endowments, ever good and evil, have had an evil effect upon him; his rich fellowship has taken away one stimulus for public work, and his conscience has failed to supply him with another. So he has settled down to a life of mere luxury, not of the table but of the library, not of wines but of books. His wonderful receptive powers, his inexhaustible memory, his insatiable appetite, have made him a mine of knowledge in all its forms. Perhaps if he has a strong point—where all are strong—it is the Neoplatonic philosophy; his keen perception, his imagination, his tranquil disregard of the world around him, have perhaps led him on to an affinity with that strangest form of mysticism where Eastern and Western thought join hands. But if you have other sympathies

he will satisfy them, supposing you to take him in one of those moments when he chooses to be generous of his learning. He will make Condé's campaigns with you, or Cabot's voyages; he will expatiate upon Shakespeare and the First Folio and the disputed lines in "Cymbeline;" he will teach you to

"See two points in Hamlet's soul
Unseized by the Germans yet;"

or, passing back through the history of poetry, if you ask whence Shakespeare drew his inspiration, he will roam with you by the canal side in Venice, quoting Ariosto and Boiardo, and so pass backwards through Spanish romance and Provençal love song, and onward again through the Minnesingers to all that warp and woof of sentiment which they first taught Germany to weave. Yet with all this, part indolent, part cynical, part fastidious, he will not write, he never has written. He knows too many books. He has seen too many reputations made by charlatans marred for students; too many histories written, admired, and superseded; too many classics revived by patient editors to fall again to death. The game is not worth the candle. It is better to sit still and enjoy.

Many others there are, very different from each other and from him; such as the student-tradesman, who, for the morning hours, when business is light, leaves his hosiery to an assistant, and comes to compare charters and gather facts for a history of Herefordshire, among whose orchards he was born. He has had no education to speak of in his youth; but the historical impulse was strong in him, and residence in Oxford awoke it into life; so he taught himself Latin enough to read a chronicle, and set to work full of enthusiasm, certain of results. His neighbor, too, does good work. She, too, is enthusiastic, and with the enthusiasm which is the mother of patience. She wears spectacles; her nose is too *retroussé* for beauty, her color too high; in the country she would be a prodigy, in Tyburnia she would be voted "blue." But she cares little for Tyburnia, and much for beautiful things and great interests; and so she is studying

Holbein here. She has to read much, to be often disappointed before she can discover any thing new. In the library you would say she has the habits of a bookworm; but in half an hour's talk you would find that the eyes behind those spectacles are deep as well as penetrating; her liveliness, her warmth, will convince you that it is possible for a woman to be a student without being a pedant—without, in fact, ceasing to be a woman. You would find that the past is interesting to her because the present is so intensely real; that she handles knowledge purely as the instrument of feeling, and loves it only because by it feeling is deepened, widened, and refined.

But the building itself, with its approaches, is as interesting as are its inhabitants. Here it is—the low Tudor archway, the heavy oaken door swung back upon its hinges, and beyond it the stairs, cool in the utmost heat of Summer, and pervaded with that mingled fragrance of books and old oak, which is one of the most subtle and most suggestive of odors. Pass up them, resting on the way if you will, on the broad window-seats, whence the quad is visible, with its quaint, mistaken tower of the Five Orders, and its memory-haunted examination schools. Here are portraits of John Balliol and Devorginla, his wife; there are maps, old and superseded, side by side with pictures of forgotten nobodies—old worlds and the inhabitants thereof. Yonder are the steps into the gallery, an enchanted place, long and spacious, hung with portraits, old and new—a marvelous Mary of Scots, from whose exquisite pale face sorrow has refined away the vanity and hardness of youth, pranked out in no ruff, no peaked head-dress, no pearls, but shrouded in black folds of drapery, which suit with the long years of imprisonment behind, the inevitable death in front; a Cranmer by Holbein, with full, weak, red lips; a Duns Scotus, gaunt and unkempt, representative of the fossil race of the schoolmen; a solemn Lord Burleigh, riding solemnly upon a beast, less than mule, more than ass—strange and ridiculous conception. Here is Guy Fawkes's lantern, poor innocent accessory of a long past crime; here is a chair made from the ship in which

Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world, and as you touch it, the forests unfathomable spring up before you, and you catch in the offing the sails of the Spanish treasure-ship, flying the pursuit of the English. In a little octagonal chamber, lit by windows, over whose bright pure tints the becoming dimness of age has crept, stands the chest or strong-box of Sir Thomas Bodley. It has a wonderful lock truly; puzzle out its intricacies of polished steel, wrought here and there into mocking likenesses of leaves and flowers, if you can—the burglar of past centuries tried a shorter method, and in the bottom of the chest you may still see a square hole he cut, blessing the elaborate stupidity of owner and maker the while. In yonder case are the fruit-trenchers of Elizabeth; they belong surely to the old age of the virgin queen, so cynical are the maxims, so bitter the would-be love poems inscribed upon them. It is a pleasant place, this gallery. At every turn, without effort or pain on our part, the past floods in upon us—the dry bones live—the vast library beneath our feet seems to take voice and speak from these faces, these varied relics from the holes and corners of by-gone life. But let us press on. This gallery, after all, is but full of symbols—is but itself a great symbol; through that green door lies the reality.

A great cruciform space opens before you. Right and left, before, behind, above, beneath, books—nothing but books. Over your head is a beamed and arched roof, the fire of whose bosses and blazonings time has long since sobered, and from whose painted squares speaks every-where and at all times the prayer of mediæval learning, "*Dominus illuminatio mea!*" The eyes of Dr. Gransam, of Leipsic, rest upon it sometimes with the calm superiority proper to a disciple of Voltaire; the English divine in yonder closed study, toiling over his Hebrew, notes it now and then with a vague feeling of refreshment, so subtly do the words recall the time of quiet cloisters and calm-faced monks, busy with leaf-gold and paint and parchment. That is fifteenth century glass in those windows; match those fading blues, opal greens, and lucid browns, in modern work, if you can.

Here are cases, like those in the gallery, Queen Elizabeth's Latin exercises, her books, her gloves. They are large, these last—it were hard to connect any thing small and soft with the signing of those two death-warrants of Essex and Mary. On the other side is a letter of Archbishop Laud's, written the night before his execution; the fine slanting characters aptly represent a man in whom a fatal leaven of sentiment, a fatal poetry of nature, fought obstinately against the drivings of common sense. Here is Monmouth's last humbling act of submission the day before his death, and so on—a refined symbolic chamber of horrors, which need detain us no longer.

Beyond the cases you come to the catalogue, the key to the great silent enigma around you. Standing behind the librarian's chair, you look down the nave of the library, honey-combed on either hand by studies, open and closed, and filled with various readers and confusion of many books. Ah! those studies—let us open one of them. The latticed doors, green curtained, fly-open, and you pass into a tiny room, book-walled, with jutting flaps, ancient and dusty, on each hand, lit by an Elizabethan window, through whose stone-framed panes the eye wanders to the green and reverend stillness of a college garden far beneath. As you slip into the chair prepared for you, a deep repose steals over you, the repose not of indolence but possession—the product of true work and patient thought only.

So far we have gone, so far all the world may go. Let us pass downward, however, let us enter the *penetrabilia*, leaving the studies where the brown folios lie, whose very titles are a dead letter to us;—"Pymander Mercurii Trismegisti," "Rosselus de Sacramentis VII," "Ribera in Prophetas;" the mighty works of forgotten casuists, "Azorii Institut. Morales," in two enormous volumes; the ponderous "*Cœuvres de Rich-eome*," and hundreds more;—downward through that green door marked "private," by stairs book lined, through a long room where live maps innumerable, roll-maps, sheet-maps, bound maps of every date and every size; past stands containing every re-

port of every learned society throughout the world, a department which makes one hurry on, inwardly shivering; through mazes of periodicals, old and young, serious and trivial, from the "Quarterly" down to the "Lady's Magazine," from "Punch" to the "Christian Remembrancer," till we reach a room filled with strange folios, lettered with strange names, a room which faintly represents a literature once the noblest of the modern world, a room symbolized by the superb Koran lying open on yonder desk. In a small inner room are the Hebrew manuscripts, and a German is working there, another, in shirt-sleeves, is here—strange people of innumerable tentacles, stretching all ways, from Genesis to the latest invention in torpedoes. Up the steps there is a mixed room, partly Oriental, partly European; it need not detain us.

But let us pause in the octagon of octagons, gem of these lower abodes. The rooms around and beyond may suggest labor and patience, may depress with the consciousness of immeasurable inferiority; this only suggests the cream of work, the flowers that bloom rarely and brightly on the steep hill-sides of literature. Here is the sumptuousness of modern binding; the "Paleographies," the "Voyages Pittoresques," the "Antiquities" of this and that, all, in short, that is most princely and most lavish in modern culture.

Then turn your hand a moment to these shelves, so close and so inviting; pull them out, the little shining slender volumes, and pass with mind attuned and sympathies awake into the play-ground of the Middle Ages. Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Tasso, copy after copy, edition after edition. Here is a "Decameron; Venezia, 1517." The name and date go strangely together. In a solemn upheaval time when Wittenberg theses were startling Europe, when Protestantism, with all its variations, was springing into being, this little book saw the light, glided into the world of the sixteenth century, whose public life wears so grim and earnest a look to posterity, and slipping from house to house and from hand to hand, woke laughter in Italian eyes and fed

the unquenched craving of the South for story-telling. Look at this annotated edition of Petrarch's sonnets, the sonnet a gem, though scarcely of the first water, in a worthless setting of wire-spun commentary. At the time this was printed Petrarch was a greater force in the world than Dante. Europe was still young and childish, with youth's passion for grace, youth's shrinking from deep water and love for beautiful out-sides. There is a Boiardo side by side with *Orlando Furioso*, shadow and substance. And in that lowest shelf a grim row of *Todten-tänzer* quaintly underlies these tales of love and war. All the characters in those haunts of pleasure are here reproduced, knight and maiden, monk and matron; but beside them all stands the inevitable specter with scythe and hour-glass, and in the midst of its riot and festival you see the Middle-Age standing still with down-dropped eyes and hand on mouth, pondering for an instant the awful secret, ringed by which it lives and laughs. Opposite are books of alchemy, interspersed with unintelligible ciphers, such books as Leonardo da Vinci may have studied in that withdrawn transition time of his. Ah! we must leave it, the room of rooms, carrying with us a Summer picture of it—calm bands of sunlight lying on the brown polish of the floor, and creeping along the book-lined angles, fit companion for all the jest and laughter, all the love and pathos which dwell here embalmed.

We have stayed so long in the antechambers that we have no time to linger long in the Douce Library to which it leads. And yet the Douce Library is rich beyond all telling in MSS., Latin, French, and English; in early printed works in the out-of-the-way corners of Elizabethan literature, in old stories of travel, quaintly illustrated and adorned. That center-stand boasts four MSS. of the "*Roman de la Rose*," one with four half-page illustrations, drawn in soft, dove-like tints of gray, refreshing after the commoner reds and blues of the other three. "*Lancelot du Lac*," "*Reynant et Isengrim*," "*Vie de Merlin*," "*Vœu du Paon*," "*Roman d'Alexandre*"—there they stand, one after another, names of enchantment for all

time. And by them is the shelf of "*Hours*," not the least attractive of the books that surround you. Take out one of them, a small red octavo, "*Heures Gotique*," the binder mysteriously calls it, but if you turn to the mutilated title-page you will find that it is a book of "*Hours, à l'usage de Soissons*." The famous Simon Vostre is the printer, so the date must be 1510 or so; and on the wide margin of nearly every one of the three hundred pages are four exquisite woodcuts, all different, all intensely German. Dürer might have drawn them all, except that they are even quainter than his work—a priest admitting a company of veritable Nurembergers to celebration; the daughter of Herodius watching the fall of John Baptist's head; Devils cast out and flying away on leathern wings; Dives and Lazarus, terribly specific; a double page, terribly dramatic, of David and "*Urie*," where Urie is in the forefront of the battle, and the Nuremberg-fashioned spear of an Ammonite lanzknecht is entering deep into his side. Or if you care more for splendor of illumination than for minute engraving get the librarian's leave, and spend an hour with the famous "*Ormesby Psalter*," the "*Salterium fratris Roberti de Ormesby*," as the inscription calls it, among the most magnificent of all the monk-works of the magnificent fourteenth century. Not even the treasures of, San Marco at Florence, where Angelico's own hand is traceable on the precious missals, can shew more brilliant coloring, more fertile design, more delicate leaf-work, or more fanciful grotesque than this patient life's labor of the Northern friar.

Who can pass out of such a building without a feeling of profound melancholy? These shelves of mighty folios, these cases of labored manuscripts, these illuminated volumes, of which each may represent a life, the first dominant impression which they make can not fail to be like that which a burial-ground leaves—a Hamlet-like sense of the pity of it. Which is the sadder image, the dust of Alexander stopping a bung-hole or the brain and life-blood of a hundred monks cumbering the shelves of the Bodleian? Not the former, perhaps, Alexander's

work considered; but those monks' work is in their books—to their books they sacrificed their lives and gave themselves up as an offering to posterity. And posterity, overburdened with its own concerns, passes them by without a look or a word. Here and there, of course, is a volume which has made its mark upon the world, but the mass are silent for ever; and zeal, industry, talent, for once that they have had permanent results have a thousand times been sealed by failure. And yet men go on writing, writ-

ing; and books are born under the shadow of the great libraries just as children are born within sight of the tombs. It seems as though nature's law were universal as well as rigid in its sphere: wide wastes of sand shut in the great oasis; many a seed falls among thorns, or by the wayside; many a bud must be sacrificed before there comes the perfect flower; and so, many a life must exhaust itself in a useless book before the great work is made which is to remain a force forever.

MY LAND OF BEULAH.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT was not the only lesson either, that the stern schoolmaster, Time, was to teach me. If any one had told me in the days upon which I am now dwelling, that because I was a baronet's daughter, because I had wealth, position, and influence, the friend I loved set me one step higher in her estimation than otherwise she would have done, I should have scorned such base insinuations, and flung them back in the speaker's face with my wonted candor. Well, well, I am not the only mortal that has made an idol but to "find it clay."

Soon a golden day would dawn for me again. Not that all my days were not more or less glad and happy; but the occasions of papa's visits to Summerfield stood out in shining relief against the rest.

This next visit, too, was to be a memorable one; for had I not my new idol to display in all its loveliness before his wondering and delighted eyes? The night before he came I could not sleep for joy; awhile I lay awake, wide-eyed, looking into the soft gloom of the Summer night; then, setting school rules at defiance, I slipped from my bed, stole into the dormitory next to mine, and perched myself, like a little white owl, on Eulalie's.

She was fast asleep, the long dark lashes resting on her cheek, and a smile upon her mouth that made it look like an opening

rose. How much I wanted to say to her! Half the happiness of pleasure is in anticipation,—half the happiness of anticipation is in some one's sympathy in it; but I could not find it in my heart to rouse my friend from her calm and placid rest! Somehow, why or wherefore it was hard to say, I let myself glide gently to my knees, laid my hands palm to palm, as Miss Mary had taught me long ago, and—prayed. For what? That heaven would watch over Eulalie, and make the life that I heard it said would be full of difficulties, a happy one.

We had driven from Bromley to a waterfall some five miles distant. The day was perfect. Our party numbered three: papa, myself, and Eulalie. Eulalie in a wide-brimmed hat that cast a shadow upon her eyes, giving a deepened intensity to their soft, appealing glances.

There is a picture by Gainsborough of a girl in just such a hat, with just such a shadow over her lovely eyes—a picture very fair to see, but not one whit fairer than the living picture made by Eulalie that day. She had gathered a deep-red rose, and set it in the fastening of the tippet around her graceful shoulders, leaving the circle of her waist visible. She was very simply dressed, but the hat with its shadow, the sweet face beneath, the "red rose" nestling against the delicate white throat, how perfect it all was!

I had wanted her to sit beside papa in the carriage, but she was quite shocked and troubled at the idea; I saw her lip quiver as she took her place opposite to us.

"You are too kind to me Nellie, dear," she said in a low voice, as if she did not wish papa to hear.

At all events he and I were the gainers by her persistency, for had we not a lovely picture to look at as we passed along between the Summer-decked hedges and under the shadows of the trees?

I have said that my school friend was always quiet and retiring, but on this particular occasion she seemed so much more timid even than her wont that a droll thought came into my mind, and I half turned around so as to have a good comprehensive stare at papa, and see if I could find out why Eulalie was afraid of him. For that was the droll thought that her confusion had called up. I saw much to admire, but, or so it seemed to me, nothing to fear.

Papa had been many years older than my mother, and was now a handsome man of forty or thereabouts. The hair upon his temples was a little thinned, but that only added to the noble candor of his face; his eye-brows, like his dark, curly locks, were slightly gray, his mouth was as sweet as a woman's, and his smile—oh, no one ever had such a smile, I think! When he was thinking deeply, his dark-gray eyes had a look of gravity that some might think stern, but the moment he smiled this shadow of sternness vanished. To-day his eyes seemed always smiling, as they dwelt long and often on the face beneath the broad-brimmed hat.

There was triumph in my heart, and in my eyes too, I dare say, as I noted this, for what is so pleasant as, when you have helped any one to form a certain ideal, to see that reality equals fancy?

Eulalie was never a chatterbox. I had been one from the day that I could make any practical use of my tongue at all; and now, our drive over, and the footpath to the falls gained, I could hardly get the words out quick enough to express my delight. Then, having at last said my say, sure-footed as a young goat I climbed here and there, leav-

ing my more staid companions to follow as they saw fit. Now I discovered some lichen, marvelously tinted orange and crimson, and fled to papa's side with my treasure; now some rare flower, and added it to the posy in my hand, but not before it had been held up for a word of admiration from him.

"You're like a bird let out of a cage, my darling," he said, as I came suddenly down a bank, and lighted just in the pathway of the other two. I had been singing for very joy, or perhaps because I hated to be silent, and this was what I sang:

Te souviens tu, Marie,
De notre enfance aux champs,
Des jeux dans la prairie?
(J'avais alors quinze ans)
La danse sur l'herbette,
Egayait nos loisirs—
Le temps que je regrette,
C'est celui des plaisirs.

I forgot the words of the verse that followed, and hummed the sweet plaintive air until I came to the refrain at the last:

Ma bouche en vain répète
Des regrets superflus.
Le temps que je regrette
C'est le temps qui n'est plus.

Music at all times had a mighty power over me, and I possessed that capability that alone gives true passion and pathos to song—the capability of identifying myself for the time being with the sentiment expressed.

Now the very beauty of all that surrounded me, and the happiness of my own heart in the nearness of the two human beings dearest to me, made me realize with a strange intensity what it would be to look back upon such golden days when they were lost forever.

With all my soul in my voice, I sang again the last two lines of that wonderful song, a song full of the very spirit of a loving, passionate regret, sweet as the scent of dead flowers:

Le temps que je regrette
C'est le temps—qui—n'est—plus.

"Why, Nell," said papa's voice close beside me, and I started from the fit of musing into which I had fallen. He took my hand in his and held it close. "What a sad song, child; you might be Undine, the spirit of the waterfall, weeping over her

lost love; what does my little girl know of regrets that she should sing so pitiful a ditty?"

"I, dear papa? nay, I have no regrets. I was only thinking how terrible it must be for those who have——"

Eulalie's face was turned away, and I saw her bosom heave.

"Oh, I should not have said that! I should not have sung that song! I was cruel. I did not mean it; I did not think. Eulalie, forgive me dear!"

The sobs rose to my throat and choked me. Papa looked in some dismay from one of us to the other.

It really was rather hard upon a man who had brought two young damsels out for a pleasant country drive to find them suddenly turned into a pair of Niobes; and it was all my fault too; my wicked thoughtless words had brought it all about! When I cry my nose gets red in a few seconds, and my face puckers up in most unbecoming fashion; but Eulalie in tears was as beautiful as Eulalie under any other circumstance of life. The drowned eyes looked like diamonds in water, but the tip of the little straight nose remained of its normal tint, and the sweet sad mouth trembled like that of a troubled child.

"How unkind of me to spoil your happy day together with my foolish nonsense," she said at last, dashing the drops from her long wet lashes, and looking up at papa with a smile like the radiant gleam of an April sun.

So the cloud of sentiment that had threatened to spoil our day of pleasure passed like an April shower, leaving its only trace in the closer pressure with which I held my friend's hand, and the redoubled kindness of papa's manner to her.

"And how is Mr. Twinkler getting on?" said papa, willing to lead to cheerful topics.

"Oh, charmingly," I answered, laughing. "He still 'hopes that his lordship is in the enjoyment of good health;' but I'm not such a good customer to him as I used to be, papa. I'm getting past the stage of sweets and steel-pens, you see," I added, with an air of dignity that set papa laughing, and made Eulalie smile.

"It's all very well to laugh," I said with

some show of indignation, "but the next time you come to see me you'll find me in long dresses."

"Fully fledged, eh?" said papa, still failing to be impressed; "like a bird whose plumage has attained its full growth?"

Eulalie said nothing, but looked from one to the other with a certain tender wistfulness, as of one who watched a drama in which she had no part, so that I felt half ashamed of our banter.

All at once I caught sight of a silvery gleam among the far-off trees.

"It is the falls," I cried, and was off like a bird, never stopping until I had reached the rocky basin into which the natural fountain tumbled amid a feathery cloud of spray.

Ferns grew all about it; some bending their graceful heads towards the water, as if they strove to see themselves in its shining surface; others nestling low down in crevices, and there in the moist gloom growing of a brighter, fresher green.

The silver birch grew plentifully near these falls, and one adventurous tree had grown half-way up the steep bed of the cascade, drooping its feathery branches almost across the stream. Here a thrush had taken its perch, and was singing in maddest trills and gurgles, as if to try and drown the song of the water.

Just as I stood drinking in the beauty of the whole scene, the sun, that had been hiding behind a fleecy cloud, as some coquettish Eastern beauty might seek the shelter of her veil, came forth, and poured his light upon the falls, until each ripple gleamed like silver and the spray like diamond dust.

I uttered an exclamation of delight, which the thrush heard, I suppose, for with a quick rush he spread his wings, and I saw his dappled breast glance among the trees. I looked back at my lagging companions. Eulalie had found her tongue; indeed, she was evidently speaking with no little earnestness, though I could not catch a word she said, for the babble of the water at my feet. Her eyes were cast down, and in her hand she held a deep long trail of the white woodbine, its green leaves and chalice flowers

showing in pretty artistic contrast against the soft gray of her dress. Papa was bending towards her, evidently listening as earnestly as she was speaking.

"That's all right," thought I to myself; "I'll be bound she's telling him about some of her troubles. I'm glad Miss Maria let her come with us; and, oh, what an orchid that is high up in the cleft of that big stone! it looks like a bunch of tiny butterflies all growing on a stem."

Off I started, making my way towards the prize, and the habit that is second nature brought a tune to my lips:

*Te souviens-tu, Marie,
De notre enfance—*

I had got so far without thinking, and then pulled myself up with a round turn. "Nell, you foolish child," I thought, addressing myself as a culprit self-condemned, "what's up with you that you can't behave yourself to day? Haven't you brought mischief enough about already with your miserable little song? 'Fie, for shame!' as Polly says; it's a pity she is n't here to say it now, I think."

It was not very easy work getting that orchid, but then what a beauty he was when I did get him! I was up as high as the birch that had stretched its arms lovingly across the burn by the time that papa and Eulalie stood among the ferns beside its rocky basin.

"Nell," said papa, looking up at me with laughing, loving eyes, "is that the way you are going to conduct yourself when you are fully fledged? Come down, you daft lassie; what would Miss Mary say if she saw you perched up there?"

"She would only say, 'Take care, my darling child.' Eulalie, should n't you like to see Miss Theodosia's face if she stood just where you are now? She thinks I'm doomed to perdition as it is; but if she saw me here!" The idea of what Miss Theodosia's feelings would be was too gigantic to be grappled with. Instead of descending from my elevated position, I sat down upon a projecting ledge of rock, and began to arrange a background of ferns for my beautiful orchid.

"Papa," I cried to him, standing ever so far below me, "is n't this fall, and the trees, and the flowers, and all that"—sketchily indicating the surrounding scenery—"just the loveliest thing you ever saw?"

For answer he looked—not at the babbling waterfall with its mist of spray, not at the trees overhead, nor yet at the flowers at his feet, but at the face of the woman by his side. And with that electric sympathy that bound my heart to his, I saw and understood the meaning of that look.

"You mean that Eulalie is lovelier still?" I said, radiant at the silent homage offered at my idol's shrine. "Well, I think you're right, papa. Have n't I told you, dearest Eulalie, a hundred times, that there is no one like you in the world? Now, you see, papa agrees with me, and the thing upon which two witnesses are agreed must be true."

At my thoughtless words Eulalie looked ready to sink into the earth with confusion; and bringing me down from my eyrie, as surely as ever gun toppled over an unfortunate bird, I saw a look of reproof and reproach in papa's eyes as he said gravely:

"Nell, Nell, when will you learn to curb that unruly tongue of yours?"

Ferns and orchid were flung into the falling water as he spoke, and quickly whirling round and round in the miniature Charybdis below, while I dropped lightly to my feet. What were flowers or any thing else the world held to me, weighed against a look of disapproval from my father's eyes?

Eulalie had wandered on, feigning to search for blossoms to add to the branch of woodbine in her hand. I looked ruefully after her.

"I've been naughty again, you see, papa," I said, clinging to his hand, and watching the poor orchid floating away down stream.

"Nay, not naughty," he said, smiling just a little at my disconcerted air, "only thoughtless. You forget, my darling, that though you are only a child still, your friend is—a woman."

"And don't women like to be told they are beautiful?" I asked, puzzled by the new idea thus presented to my mind.

"Well," he answered, "not quite in that outspoken way, Nell."

And then, why or wherefore I was at a loss to tell, the color on his cheek, that was already bronzed by travel, took a deeper hue, and he looked away from me and after the figure in the soft gray dress and shadowy hat.

The experiences of the last few moments had taught me my first lesson in prudence of speech; and so in my new timidity I made no comment on either circumstance. Presently we overtook Eulalie, who looked lovelier than ever in the bashfulness with which she answered papa's admiring comments on the posy she had gathered. On our way back to the carriage I cast many a furtive glance at my school-friend. I had never thought of her seventeen years as setting her so very far ahead of me on the way of life; but now papa had said she was a "woman," and what was I?—a child who still loved to bowl a hoop and play at battledoor and shuttlecock; who got into trouble only last holiday afternoon for climbing the big cherry-tree and sitting in the fork of a branch to read "Undine." What was that ugly name that Miss Theodosia had called me upon one occasion? A Tomboy! Was she ever a Tomboy, I wondered; or was her cradle a backboard, and did she always sit as bolt upright as if she had swallowed the poker?

Well, I was all these terrible things, and doubtless many more besides; but at thirteen seventeen is not so very far off, after all, and soon I should be a woman, like Eulalie.

I had a great many things to learn beforehand evidently, and one of them was to be less—what was it papa had said?—outspoken. Yes, that was it. These, and many kindred thoughts kept me wonderfully silent on our long drive home. Perhaps papa noticed this, and feared that his first, his very first reproof, had sunk too deeply into my heart. Anyway, before long his hand sought mine, and, having found it, held it close; and thus we went our way through the Summer gloaming that was sweet with the breath of the bean blossoms in the fields and the honeysuckle in the hedges.

"Home, sweet home," I hummed to myself, as the white gates of Summerfield came in sight, and papa smiled.

"Yes, indeed, 'it has been a home to you, Nell," he said; and Eulalie's soft voice chimed in with, "It is that to all of us, I think, Sir Charles."

Presently Eulalie had gone back to her work in the class-room, after thanking papa ever so sweetly for the pleasant outing he had given her, and he and I were left alone together in the drawing-room.

He had only half an hour longer to stay before the carriage would drive him to the station, five miles off, to catch the evening train for the north. My heart always felt as if it had suddenly grown too big for my body when I had to say "good-bye" to papa; and evinced an inclination to choke me, which was extremely unpleasant, and made continued conversation difficult. I was therefore, at such seasons apt to be somewhat spasmodic in my remarks. Now, seated at his knee, upon a certain small chair much affected by me from my youth upwards, I endeavored to lay before him a p'an that had suggested itself to my mind during the latter part of our homeward drive. It concerned my school-friend.

"You know, papa," I said, holding his hand in mine, and twisting the ring, a blood-red cornelian finely carved upon his little finger, round and round, "Eulalie is n't like me."

He looked puzzled; and I recognized that my opening speech was a lame one.

"Of course, I do n't mean to look at; that would be talking nonsense," I said, in loving depreciation of my own small modicum of charms as compared with Eulalie's; "but what I mean is, that she has no papa like you, and no home like Hazledene, and that when she goes away from Summerfield she will have to earn her own living—oh, poor Eulalie!—and be a governess."

His hand caressed my hair tenderly; his eyes met mine, fond and proud.

"Poor child," he said; "she does not look very fit for such a life."

"No; I know," said I looking monstrosly wise. "I heard Miss Mary say she was 'far

too pretty to be a governess.' I do n't know why they ought to be uglier than other people, though; do you, papa?" I added with the air of one searching out an occult problem.

"There are a great many things that my little girl does n't understand as yet."

"Yes, of course; but there's one thing she does understand—"

"And that is—?"

"That you love your little girl very dearly, and like to make her happy—"

"Well, what is it you want, child?"

"I want you to help Eulalie."

I felt him give ever such a little start as the words passed my lips.

"How can I help your friend?" Then, under his breath, I heard him mutter, "Impossible!"

"Not at all," I said, throwing my head back, and putting on my most "outspoken" and confident manner. "Do n't you know lots of grand folks all about our county—round about Hazledene, I mean? Well, can't you find some very nice people who want a governess for quite little children—as little as I was when first I came to Summerfield? Can't you tell them about Eulalie, and get them to take her? And then when I come home for good, I can see her as often as I like."

"Will you do what I ask you, papa?" I persisted, after a silence that somewhat puzzled me.

"I will try."

"And I will try, too. I will try to be—what is it?—'less outspoken.' I think I know what you mean; I should n't have told Eulalie to-day that she was pretty, and made her poor face get as red as the roses over there," pointing to the window as I spoke; "I should have done as you did."

"As I did?" This with a mighty look of surprise.

"Yes; you looked at her so that she could tell you thought her pretty—without your saying so, I mean. I do n't think she minded that; I think she liked it. Your way was ever so much better than mine; but they meant the same thing, did n't they papa?"

One quick glance to assure himself that

his little girl's words were the outcome of utter guilelessness, and then, with the same heightened color in his bronzed cheek as I had seen there once before that day, he hurried to the window to see if the carriage had come round.

CHAPTER V.

SUMMER had waned to Autumn. The roses were all dead, and even the chrysanthemums hung their draggled heads miserably. My friends, the rooks, still sailed about, not in an azure sea, but in a sea of turbulent, drifting clouds, and a wind that drove their black bodies all to one side as they flew, and threatened to shake them off the pine-tree tops, where they clung fluttering and chattering, and, I have no doubt, speculating as to the sadly changed condition of affairs in general. For my own part I love the Autumn, and the pungent odor of the dead and dying leaves that make a rustling, brown carpet on the grass. Yet this Autumn I was less contented of spirit than my wont. And why?

Well, it was hard to define my mood exactly. Life had been very sweet and fair to me since ever I could remember; it had been like a melody all in time and tune; now, there was a jarring note. For what is so trying to any of us as to see that between two people whom we love a cloud has arisen, and is gradually hiding the one heart from the trust and confidence of the other?

What was it that had changed the estimation in which my dear Miss Mary held my equally dear school-friend?

I did not know then; and only by the light of future events could I even guess the nature of the estrangement. It had been my happy custom, as our weekly half-holiday came round, to go wandering in the fields or in my wood with Eulalie; now, each Saturday, some plan or other, some expedition to the county town for shopping purposes, or to visit some friends at a distance, always came about; and on all these occasions Miss Mary seemed to set her heart on having me for her companion, and never Eulalie.

I used to look back wistfully sometimes,

as we set off together up the carriage-way, to catch a glimpse at the school-room window of a dark, sleek head bent over a book or a work-frame. How I longed to question Miss Mary about all these strange things. Nay, now and then I have been hardly able to see before me for the hot tears that started to my eyes; but to question the why and wherefore of any thing either of the Miss Sylvesters did was to break the eleventh commandment at Summerfield; and so my eyes only, and not my tongue, pleaded for Eulalie.

That I loved her the more vehemently, the more defiantly, for this strange dwelling "out in the cold," goes without saying; yet in my letters to papa I made no mention of the perplexities that beset me. It would have grated upon my sense of what was delicately and strictly honorable, to have commented upon Miss Mary's conduct in any way. Nor did Eulalie appear wishful for arms to be taken up in her defense; but, rather, she acquiesced quietly in the inevitable, and shunned the closeness of that intimacy that had been so dear a thing to me.

Once, as I sat reading in the wood, and none of the other girls chanced to be within sight or hearing, I heard the cracking of twigs and the rustle of a dress, and saw the boughs of the hazelnut bushes parted to let Eulalie pass. It is one of the pictures on which I can still look back, the parting of the green branches, then laden with their ripe fruit, and the beautiful face of my friend looking at me from beneath their shadow.

"What is it?" I cried, flinging my book down upon the grass at my feet, and springing forward to meet her. "Oh, how glad I am you've come! We shan't have many more such days as this, Eulalie—its almost as warm as June—sit down and let us have a 'big chat;' how nice it is to talk English as fast as one can on a holiday, just to make the best use of one's time!"

She had let the hazel boughs fall back into their place, and stood there against the background of their massed foliage, looking at me with a wistful sadness.

I caught her hands, and finding them cold

as death, covered them with kisses, to try and put some warmth into them. It is an odd peculiarity of mine, that if my feelings are deeply stirred my ready tongue is dumb; so now, seeing that some great trouble was over Eulalie, nothing came readily from my lips save those silent kisses.

Presently she drew her hands from mine and her voice trembled a little as she said:

"Nell, have you heard from your father lately? Do you think he has forgotten what you asked him to do—for me?"

"Forgotten!" I cried in wide-eyed astonishment at the suggestion. "Oh, dear, no; papa never forgets what I ask him, but it takes time."

"Time!" she cried, with a sudden vehemence as startling as it was rare. "Oh, I am weary, weary of it all. I wish I was going away now—now, this very moment—"

"From Summerfield?" I gasped.

"From Summerfield," she answered, a wild gleam lighting up her lovely eyes, and a hard and—I hated to think it then, I hate to write it now—a cruel expression changing and marring the lines of her mouth.

I glanced down, and saw that the hands that had writhed themselves from mine were clenched hard and fast.

My utter amazement—doubtless written like most of my emotions, in broad letters on my face—seemed to rouse her to some effort at self-control. She drew a long, shuddering breath, and then in a moment the statue of Nemesis became the timid maiden, with eyes softly brown as dead leaves under water.

She touched me playfully under the chin with a finger-tip.

"Bring your owl's eyes down to their natural size again," she said laughing. "Do you think that every one thinks Summerfield a—what was it you called it the other day?—Land of Beulah, eh, Nell?"

"It has been that to me," I answered hotly. "I shall always look back and think of it as that—a place 'very sweet and pleasant,'" I added, quoting John Bunyan, defiantly.

"You see you have n't to teach the young idea how to count 'one, two, three,

one, two, three; the cat's in the cupboard and can't see me."

"Eulalie, you are talking great nonsense," I said, laughing at her words all the same; "but I dare say it is very tiresome teaching the little ones their music. I never thought how different it must be for you and for me; but still, even if papa does hear of some nice children for you to go and be governess to, it will come to the same thing, won't it? 'one, two, three,' over and over again?"

"Yes; the same thing, of course, but with—a difference——"

At that moment a rushing and scrambling among the bushes made itself audible, and Amy Ladbrook, a small child of six, broke through the cover, and passed by us, flushed and panting, in the character of a hare hotly pursued by the hounds.

"Write to your father to-night—promise me, Nell—do you hear?" said Eulalie hurriedly; and I had only time to say "Yes," before the "pack" were upon us, a chattering, shouting, laughing, bonnie team of little English lassies.

"Has the hare gone by here, Nell?" cried the leader of the troop, while the "harriers" threw themselves down on the grass, fanning their hot faces, and making about as much noise as my friends the rooks.

"It is n't fair to ask that—is it now, Miss Le Breton?" said a small maid, whose face looked like a ripe apple, and whose black elf-locks had become a hopeless tangle that had to be pushed back every minute.

Eulalie was just going to reply, when all at once the various "hounds" who were reclining on the greensward started to their feet, and the small person who had last spoken began to make vehement efforts at "putting straight" the gooseberry-bush of her locks.

Miss Mary had come into the wood, and was making her way slowly towards us.

"Never mind, dear," she said, as she saw the child struggling to attain to something like neatness, "play is play, and I do n't mind what figure you make of yourself, only do n't run about too long, and get too hot," she added with a smile. Then she turned to me:

"Nellie, I was looking for you; I want you to come with me to the Vicarage."

She did not speak to my companion, and I was troubled at the fact that the traces of tears were on her cheek.

"It's a letter from Polly's country, I suppose," I thought to myself as I followed Miss Mary towards the house.

The mystery of those foreign letters was no longer a riddle to me, for Eulalie had solved it; indeed, she was in some sort connected with the story, since, years back, her mother had tried to befriend the worthless brother whose career of vice and dissipation was the "family skeleton" of the three sisters Sylvester. Like a chain this home-trouble had bound their lives. The savings of each year had had to go to pay "poor Charley's" debts, left as a legacy to his native land, when he went out to Ceylon to try his fortune as a coffee planter. Whether he had there planted any thing save an additional crop of "wild oats" was doubtful. His demands upon the three hard-working women at home continued; and he always declared that some disaster threatened to overwhelm him, unless "such and such a sum" was forthcoming "by an early mail."

"Poor Charley" was younger by many years than his sisters, and had been the "mother's darling;" that dead mother of whom those dear ladies spoke with such tender reverence, and whose dying words, "Do what you can for Charley," had all the sacredness of a last trust. In the days when first this trouble began to press upon them so sorely, Eulalie's mother had given sympathy and kindly help; therefore, her child seemed to have a peculiar claim upon their love and care, and Eulalie had found a home in her need at Summerfield.

When Miss Mary reached the Vicarage, the good vicar was busy hoeing weeds out of the garden-path. When engaged in these horticultural pursuits he presented a very droll appearance, with his coat-sleeves turned up, his trousers in the same condition, and a straw hat, about the size of Miss Theodosia's sun-shade, upon his head. When he saw us coming up the walk, he made a wild attempt to raise this head-gear in our

honor, but the brim was wide and flabby, and the attempt a failure. Then he came forward, hoe in hand, and beamed upon us from behind his spectacles.

"I want a few moments' quiet talk with you, Mr. Girdstone," said Miss Mary.

"Will you go and sit with my sister, Nellie, or would you like to go and see my new rabbit-hutches?" said the vicar, turning to me.

Rabbits? why, if it had been ravening, roaring wolves, whose society I had been offered as an alternative to Miss Theodosia's, I should have rushed wildly into their embrace.

"I should like to see the rabbits very much indeed," I said, as eagerly as though my "life's young dream" in the matter of hutches was about to be realized; and off I set towards the little white gate leading to the kitchen-garden. But I reckoned without my host, or rather without my hostess. Tap, tap, tap, went Miss Dosia's finger, on the breakfast-room window; and I saw her wagging her head to me to come in. Of course, there was no help for it, so I gave up the rabbits with a sigh, and betook myself into the house. What the vicar's sister said to me during that interview I can not call to mind; I had, indeed, no mind to give to her words. My whole attention was concentrated upon the two figures pacing slowly up and down between the borders of London Pride that edged the pathways in the vicarage garden.

How clearly it all comes back to me! The quaint figure of the vicar, with his ankles fully displayed, the big hat pushed to the very back of his head, and the hoe in his hand coming down every now and then on the gravel by way of emphasis to his words: beside him, my more than mother, her head drooping a little, and her face shaded from me by the gray falling ringlets. Now and again they stop—once I see Miss Mary hide her eyes a moment with her hand.

Miss Girdstone's voice brays on. I think she is telling me some story of the obstinacy of a certain demoralized parishioner of the female gender, who sold—instead of wearing—an under-garment made by her own

fair hands. But in this I may have been mistaken, for where could a purchaser be found for a coat-of-mail of the raspy flannel used by Miss Theodosia as suitable clothing for the "poor and needy?"

Presently Miss Mary and I are upon our way home. The evening is drawing on, and from beneath a deep purple cloud the sun pours a flood of gold upon the distant hills. We are in the gray shadow of the coming night; but the hill-tops shine clear and fair. I can see one, darker than its fellows, clothed in firs, and I know that the water-falls are there falling and whirling into the fern-edged, basin where I had flung my pretty orchid in to die.

This makes me think of my father, and I call to mind that I have promised to write to him to-night. I have plenty of time to let my thoughts wander to all these things, for Miss Mary is very silent; she is sad, too, but the look of perplexity that I had noticed in her face as we walked to Broomley is no longer there. Undaunted by the coming of the gloaming, a robin, perched upon a bough, whose leaves are wearing their sober Autumn livery of brown, sings his plaintive good-night song. I can see his little red throat swelling with the utterance of the clear, sweet notes, and though his bright eyes see us well enough, he does not care, but goes on making the best of the light that yet remains to him, just as if we were not there at all. I slip my hand into Miss Mary's, and we stand still till robin has done.

Truly a robin's song is not much to write of; but every voice of nature, however faint and small, brings a sense of joy to some hearts, and of these, mine is one, and my dear Miss Mary's is another.

Besides I listen to that "even-song" of robin's as a child listens to any sweet sound, and loves it, and I think I was never quite a child again; but something full of deeper thought and sadder knowledge.

It wanted more than an hour to prayer-time when we reached home; and I was hurrying across the hall, to "take time by the forelock" in the matter of the promised letter to Hazledene, when Miss Maria, key-

basket in hand as usual, and a beaming smile on her jovial face, met and stopped me.

"There is a letter for you from your father, Nell. It came by the late post—"

It was the custom for all our letters to be laid upon a certain table in the library, a room that entered upon the left of the

hall-door. And now, as I went in search of mine, I thought as I did so: "What a good thing it is I waited till this evening. Who knows but that there is something about Eulalie in this very letter, and papa might have thought I was accusing him of forgetfulness?"

THE WORTH OF A SOUL.

BY three distinct parables our blessed Lord replied to the murmurs of the Pharisees and scribes, when they said, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." The first of these parables, that of the Lost Sheep, leads us to regard the Lord in his character of a Shepherd, and suggests for our instruction and comfort all those associations which are connected with the mutual relations of the shepherd with the sheep. The third, that of the Prodigal Son, teaches us of God as a Father full of love even for his ungrateful and rebellious children, and ready to welcome back with joy the repentant and returning wanderer. The second of these parables differs from both in this respect, that it directs our thoughts wholly to the joy which is felt in heaven over the lost sinner recovered, and that in connection with the value of the soul redeemed, to him who has found and saved it, and in the estimation of those who are called to rejoice with him in its deliverance. The Savior compares himself, at least tacitly, to a woman who, having lost one of ten pieces of silver, after great and persevering labor finds it, and calls her friends and her neighbors together to rejoice with her over the recovered treasure. "Likewise," adds the Lord, "I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

The Savior here speaks of his own joy over the returning sinner. This is implied in the assertion, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God." This is not unfrequently taken to mean, there is joy amongst the angels; that the angels themselves are glad.

This is doubtless true, but it is not what the Lord says here. Rather, his words mean that the angels are witnesses of joy; there is joy in their presence, in their sight. The original expression is the same as when it is said in the Apocalypse (xiv, 10) that, "If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead and in his hand . . . he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb." As the Lord describes the shepherd calling his friends and neighbors together, and saying, "Rejoice with me," as he represents in like manner the woman who has found the piece of silver calling together her friends and neighbors, and saying, "Rejoice with me;" so the Divine Shepherd, who sitteth on the throne of heaven, the owner of all things, but whose heart is in the earth where once he sojourned, and with the sons of men, whose form he bears even in those heights of glory—he gathereth ever and again into a closer circle the angels who "do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word," and bids them rejoice with him for that in yet another and another returning wanderer he "sees of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied." And thus "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." The angels do indeed rejoice, the parable seems to teach us that they are called on, invited, to rejoice, and they strike a louder note of praise; but their joy is reflected joy:—

"They learn their lesson at the throne of love."

This, then, is the picture which the parable presents to us; the Savior rejoicing, and

heaven called on to rejoice with him, over one repenting sinner; and this penitent is compared to a piece of silver which a woman had lost, one of ten pieces which she possessed, and which lost piece, after diligent and laborious search, she had found.

The consideration directly suggested, then, is the exceeding value in the eyes of the Redeemer of one immortal soul. And if in this respect we would "have the mind of Christ," and calculate as he calculates, we have need to pass into the regions of faith, and we must work out this arithmetic upon other than human principles. We cast our eyes abroad upon the earth, and on its teeming millions, and we turn our thoughts back on its countless generations, and, with the ancient poet, we deem of the generations as of the verdure which passes from the forest with the successive Summers, and of each individual life as of the withered leaf which the wind has carried away. But the Word of God assures us of all these, that he is "not the God of the dead, but of the living," and that all yet live unto him; nay, that all shall appear one day before the judgment seat of Christ, and that "every one" of all that countless multitude "shall give account of himself to God!" When we have heard sometimes of tens of thousands "blent in one red burial" on the field of horrible strife, while the heart sickens at the recital, it is only of the few distinguished in rank and honor that we can take individual account, and it may seem a forced and exaggerated sentiment to talk of the humblest of the slain as of that which is inestimable in its preciousness. But it may help our estimate to remember, that in all the mass of undistinguished dead there is not one who is not specially dear to some, whose thoughts are all for him; not one for whom the widow, or the parent, or the child, or the lover, will not weep the bitter tears of inconsolable sorrow. Oh! yes, and the truth is, that when a few weeks of war and exposure and misery have swept myriads into eternity, there is not one of those myriads but has breathed forth a soul more precious in the eyes of his Maker than all the territory and all the treasure of the empires which he

died, whether to preserve, or to reunite, or to aggrandize, or to defend!

Or, to pass from thoughts which concern the destruction of the body's life to that of the soul, how often, when urging the duty of missionary effort, are we met by the objection that the results of such efforts are small in proportion to the labor, or even (alas for the sordid argument!) in proportion to the sums expended in the enterprise; whereas, in truth, if modern missions could only count their tens, nay units, for the thousands of converts which God has given to their labors, and if the cost of those conversions in labor and in treasure were multiplied a million-fold, such an estimate of the value of such fruit would be small indeed beside the truth declared for us in these words of our Redeemer: "Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

This joy in heaven is the joy of divine and infinite love; and we estimate the dignity and preciousness of the soul redeemed and saved, first of all, by the fact that it is the object, the worthy object, of this divine and infinite love. It is a sordid and ignoble mind indeed, which, in human relations, would weigh any material possession against the value and preciousness of love; as it is written in the Canticles (viii, 6), "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would be utterly contemned." Ask the parent weeping over the grave of his little one, what amount of earthly treasure would compensate him for the loss which he mourns, and if he be worthy of the name of a man, he will assuredly "utterly contemn" the suggestion that such an equivalent could be found. And what then shall weigh against the value of a soul on which love's essence spends itself, on which God bestows his love? For such is the glorious nature of the humblest soul of man, that polluted and degraded as it may be, yet nothing finite can satisfy its cravings, and only God himself can answer fully to its love; and, therefore, it is the infinite degradation of any soul of man to worship any thing, however high, that is less than God.

And oh! then, these souls of ours—so precious in the sight of their Redeemer—so precious in the sight of his angels, yea! so priceless too in the sight of that mighty enemy of God, who in his hatred and rebellion is seeking always, as a roaring lion, to mar God's work in their destruction—those souls whose infinite preciousness heaven and hell can calculate, the one by the greatness of its happiness; the other by the depths of its misery—those souls so precious in others' sight, are they precious in our own? Have we studied well the solemn question of Him who bought them with his precious blood, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Oh! yes, let us but estimate the worth of our souls as they are the objects of the love of God, and capable of loving him again, and we shall not marvel that "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth!"

The joy of the great owner over his recovered treasure may be estimated, again, by the eternity of the misery from which the repentant sinner is delivered. This is the argument of St. James (v, 19, 20), by which he would urge us to seek an erring brother's restoration—"Brethren, if any one of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." Here the inspired writer, in his solemn exhortation, insists on the truth, which is urged again and again in these parables—the value of a single soul. He who converteth the sinner shall save a soul from death, and shall hide—shall cover up from that dreadful exposure which shall be made one day of all unpardoned sins—shall hide a multitude of sins; the sins of one sinner, the sins which, if they be not blotted out, must be his awful, his everlasting possession. At the judgment-seat of Christ, every one shall receive—shall carry off with him—the things done in the body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. And the "bad," the sins, "the multitude of sins," these must each be

as a scorpion sting throughout the measureless ages of eternity. Thus each several sinner will be his own hell. The memories of the "multitude of sins"—these will be his perpetual tormentors. It needs not that we talk, if men will not hear, of the "many stripes" of God's positive inflictions, "of the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched" (though of these we must speak, because the Savior hath spoken of them); but who will argue that justice must extinguish the memory, and take away the remorse of the sinner's willful transgressions? And think of the sum of anguish, the amount of awful woe, which must be the portion of one lost, unpardoned sinner! Think of this, and you will not wonder that "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth!"

And this joy, this divine joy, of which angels are witnesses, and in which they are called to share, may be further estimated by the eternity of the joy to which the repentant sinner is destined. "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life." He "hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light:"—"an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." "It is an inheritance *in light*, and every one who partakes in it has the whole of it:" and every one has the whole for ever. Unlike the treasures of earth, where in proportion to the number of inheritors each inheritor has a smaller share, in that inheritance each possessor adds only to the joy of all; for the joy of all is the joy of heavenly love, and each radiant face is but as another mirror to reflect that light of love which shines on all alike from "the throne of God and of the Lamb." And if this is so, how shall not he, whose eye scans eternity, who looks on through "the ages to come," and whose infinite understanding alone can sum the heritage for one soul of immeasurable bliss, how shall not he rejoice, and bid awake a chorus of louder praise, "over one sinner that repenteth?"

For yet once more, every returning sinner is the fruit of his own labor, another trophy

of that victory which he won on Calvary, another jewel for the crown of the King of Glory.

If we may estimate the value of any thing by the price which is given for it, what is the value of a soul, "redeemed not with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ?" For it is not here as in earthly barter, where the purchaser may have overvalued that which he would possess, and paid for the possession more than an equivalent. It was infinite knowledge and perfect wisdom which counted the cost of our redemption.

"Thou, Lord, didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
To save!"

And when the Redeemer sees of the travail of his soul, he—whose love, in its breadth and length and depth and height, passeth knowledge—he is satisfied! The reward corresponds to the toil, the reaping to the sowing, the joy to the travail-pangs. And the joy is infinite joy—

"A joy in which disturbance hath no part:"

it is the calm joy of a nature of which the capacity has no limit—satisfaction!

And we are well assured that he who

labored for the salvation of his Church hath not labored in vain. The woman in his parable, to recover her lost coin, lighted a candle, and swept the house, and sought diligently till she found it. And shall not he find that which he seeketh, and rejoice in that which he hath found? In that day when he maketh up his jewels he shall say of all his Church, "Behold, I and the children which God hath given me!" It shall be fulfilled which is written, "Of those whom Thou hast given me have I lost none." And, therefore, for every soul which is newly gathered in, a living stone for that temple; a member, though it be the least of all, of that body; a jewel, which must not mar by its absence, though it be the least of all, the beauty of that perfect crown—therefore for each, essential as it is to the completion and perfection of all, we may not wonder that it is written, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth!"

If we know not yet, therefore, this great truth, may God in mercy teach us for ourselves; if we know it for ourselves, may he grant us to learn more and more for others—the infinite eternal worth of one immortal soul!

VULGARITY.

LEARNED jurists have divided crime under two heads: the *malum in se*—such as murder, and other offenses denounced in the Decalogue; and the *malum prohibitum*—acts like poaching, for example, which an artificial condition of society has led us to make punishable.

Vulgarity is somewhat similarly treated. There is the *vulgaritas in se*—things in our speech, manners, and personal surroundings, which the general code of good taste does not allow; and the *vulgaritas prohibita*—which, though uncondemned by those laws, are specially forbidden by what we call "good form." Thus the common law of politeness exhorts one to salute a stranger

who may be encountered upon neutral ground and appear embarrassed; provided always—interposes "good form"—that who-soever doth so shall be deemed a cad. But there is another most important subdivision of vulgarity which calls for special attention in these days—the *vulgaritas permissa*. No law can make stealing a virtue, or justify forgery, but what was considered at one time as *vulgaritas in se* can be stripped of its repulsive character and made "quite the thing, my dear," by bills of indemnity which are passed from time to time in the Vehmgericht of Fashion. It is thus very difficult to tell what is the *vulgaritas in se* unless you are well posted up in the decrees

of that mysterious tribunal. Thus it used to be considered that any arrangement or derangement of robes which would indicate the lower portion of the female form divine as bifurcate was a vulgarity. If the accidental position of a book or a parasol on a lady's lap tended to demonstrate this fact, the demonstrator was hastily removed, and draperies readjusted with a blush. The vulgarity of the immortal Mrs. Gamp beamed out of her knees, both on paper and on the stage. We have changed all that. Ladies deliberately adopt arrangements for relieving the imagination of trouble in conjecturing anatomical details. Knees are worn; and I should not wonder if eating peas with one's knife should some day come into fashion and be pronounced "ever so nice!"

These illustrations will, I hope, suffice to show the difficulty of stating positively what is or what is not a vulgarity. My dictionary, upon which I throw the responsibility of making definitions, states it as "Mean condition in life; the state of the lower classes of society; grossness or clownishness of manners or language; an act of low manners, as *vulgarity* of behavior; vulgarity of expression or language." I should be inclined to put it somewhat shorter, and say, "it is bad manners which 'good society' has not, for the moment, adopted." But even this will not entirely cover the ground, because many acts done in silk and broad-cloth are not vulgarities, whereas the same things dressed in fustian and cotton are. Let us see.

Mrs. Brown has for years exhibited the "large bills" of the Regency Theater on the area gratings of her green-grocer's shop in Tottenham Court Road, and is entitled, in return for such services, to occasional tickets for the upper boxes of that fashionable temple of the drama. Her niece, Jemima Anne, has come to London looking for "a place to better herself," and as a treat, is taken to the play by her aunt, when, to the surprise and disgust of that lady, it turns out, upon presenting their credentials at the office, that the tickets are for the "pit!" "Oh, but the young man *said* they were for the boxes, and

I would n't take Jemima Anne to the pit with their scrooging and it that hot! and it's a shame, and you must let us in," pleads this *peri*; but the "crystal bar" moves not, and she is told that if she stops there making a row she will be given in charge. Lady Clara Vere de Vere and Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues, passing to their private box, smile at the "wretched old vulgar thing trying to push her way where she had no right to go."

Now change the scene. The Grand Llama of Thibet has arrived on a visit to London, and, amongst other entertainments got up for his amusement, is a grand review of Post-office Letter Carriers in Leicester Square. Every bit of available space from which the proceedings can be seen is penned off by iron hurdles. There is a pen for Royalty, a pen for Parliament, its wives and daughters, a pen for army and navy, a pen for the corps diplomatique, a pen for such of the upper ten, not included in other pens, as can get tickets. And each pen has its distinguishing flag, colored according to the color of the cards which will admit to its fold. The great and exclusive Mrs. Rockegge (wife of the member for Greenshire), who has forbidden her lord to enter the House of Peers under any thing less than an earl's coronet, for invitations to whose "small and earlies" duchesses have been known to intrigue—this great and exclusive lady, I say, accompanied by her daughters, is driven up to the pen with the blue flag next to the Royal standard, which the instinct of her coachman selects as her place. But, alas! her cards are green. The green flag is over the way, and floats over—all sorts of people. Policeman A is very respectful. There is some mistake. He is so sorry; but his orders are peremptory. They can not pass. The haughty matron, with her head in the air, and a "Fellow! how dare you? I will have you discharged" on her lips, pushes the man in blue aside, and actually forces her way into the privileged fold, followed by her fair charges. Now please consider, and then say why Mrs. Rockegge should not be called a "wretched old vulgar thing, pushing her way where she had no right to go."

You say "she ought to have had blue cards—it was a mistake—that really was the pen she had a right to enter." Well, Mrs. Brown ought to have had box tickets—it was a mistake. She was going where she had a right to be. So far the cases are all-fours with each other, but the Tottenham Court Road green-grocer did not scuffle for her end, and the grand lady did. Oh, but this is only a supposititious case. Grand ladies do not push policemen. Do n't they? Ask any man of the A Division what he knows about grand ladies and pushing—what he knows of the bad manners of high society in general—what he knows about tickets left at home, dropped in the crush, blown out of the carriage, and so on, when a party of six is to be squeezed through the gate upon four cards of admission. Of course it is horrid to tell lies, but not to be seen at —, when the H's have cards, is too dreadful.

The stuffy little chambers at St. James's which led to the Throne Room used to be the scene of acts which would have been called vulgarities at a Foresters' fête, and I am told that in the more spacious palace, where her majesty's drawing-rooms are now held, there is still room for more good manners than are to be found at those august assemblages. According to the common law of manners, all pushing—physical or other—is vulgar. Pushing for an invitation to Lady Roquet's garden party is as vulgar as pushing for a place in an Islington 'bus; *provided always*, and be it enacted, that if you wear feathers in your hair, and a low-necked dress with a train to it, you may use your elbows and go at your crowd with a full head of steam on like a royal yacht. You may also ask Tom to beg Dick to get Harry to intrude you upon a lady who does not want you; you may devote yourself to your own particular friends at her ball, drink her wine, and cut her to-morrow in the park; *provided always*, and be it enacted, that you do it properly "got up."

Thirty years ago the wearing or possession of false and imitation finery was *vulgaritas in se*, and so deep was the detestation of it that real jewelry, for example, was made in

ugly and conventional forms for fear it might be confounded with the more artistic designs of the Palais Royale. Hair-dressers (they had not yet become *perruquiers*) did, indeed, exhibit wigs in their windows, for the faculty then, as now, sometimes prescribed shaving the entire head; but false tresses to supplement natural deficiencies were concealed in the back shop, and asked for in whispers. It was vulgar to wear other people's hair. It was vulgar to use imitation fur or lace. It was worse than vulgar to put on a false complexion. *That* was the trade-mark of a class which can not be named in these pages. These were of the *vulgaritas in se*. They have since been entered in the list of the *vulgaritas permissa*, and the brass of the base trinkets has entered into the souls of the wearers; the falsity of the cheap finery has slopped over into their minds, and the paint upon their faces corroded the bloom of their lives. I begin to think it possible that some ladies' dressing-rooms are unprovided with a looking-glass.

It is curious to observe that good society admires in art (which is supposed to hold the mirror up to nature) what it will not tolerate, and declines to adopt, in every-day life. It applauds emotions of joy, mirth, or sorrow, properly rendered on the stage, or fixed on canvas or in marble by a master hand. If Mrs. Bancroft, playing the *ingénue*, had to say such a phrase as "Oh, *would n't* it be nice!" and *did* say it in the old Marie Wilton form, with clasped hands and glittering eyes, and a smile of joy breaking like a sun-lit wave all over, and lifting her on tip-toe—then a flutter of approval would agitate even the demure domain of the stalls. But if Miss-in-her-Teens were guilty of a similar overt act of pleasure in a drawing-room, a tap on the shoulder with mamma's fan and a reproof would be the reward. Miss-in-her-Twenties would wink and yawn, "*Jolly, rather;*" and to *that* there would be no objection. To be natural is to "gush," and to "gush" is vulgar—at present. As a test of my other proposition let me ask how many persons, leaders of fashion, male or female, could afford to have their portraits taken in the clothes they usually wear, and

in the positions which they habitually assume? I shall be told that it won't do to paint a portrait in the height of any fashion, because in a few years it will look "so odd," and this I grant; but inelegance and—I must write it—indelicacy must always be something worse than "odd," and that which will not bear representation on canvas is surely to be condemned in "the round."

A by-gone generation considered it a vulgarity to be in good bodily health. It was correct to be languid, weak, dyspeptic. Brummel thought he had once eaten a pea. Heroes of romance were pale, precocious youths, and the principal charm of their heroines was hereditary consumption or a spinal complaint. It was vulgar to wear thick shoes or warm raiment, *but you might laugh*. The fashionable defects were all physical. These were the days of the wits, the tellers of good stories, the sayers of good things; of the men and women whose sparkling tittle-tattle has become a lost art, and whose recollections form a literature of their own. It was not a better age than this. The veneering bore a high polish, but it was very thin. I am recalling it simply to show what it considered vulgar, and thus demonstrate the instability of vulgarity. *They* were allowed to be mentally natural—we to be so physically. We may have the muscles of a prize-fighter, the appetite of Cormoran, wear two-inch soles to our brogues, and ulsters under which our grandfathers would have fainted; *but we may not laugh*. If a new Sydney Smith were to come among us he would hold the position assigned to

the jester of the Middle Ages. We sneer at the *raconteur* of a party now and call him its "funny man." "Fellow stood on his head all dinner time, by Jove!" would probably be the criticism of a second Macaulay by our golden youth. It is vulgar to be amusing; "bad form" to be amused. Physical force prevails. In poetry, fiction, and on the stage a gross sensualism reigns paramount. To be interesting, the heroine of the period must have a splendid physique, soiled by physical love making, and her soul trembling on the "ragged edge" of impurity. I suppose that spirits have "rushed together at the touching of the lips" time out of mind; only it has not always been considered decent to put all the details into print. Kissing was all right, *console Planco*, but talking about it was vulgar.

It forms no part of the present subject to strike a balance of vulgarity between this age and any other. You can do that for yourselves with your own understanding—

"If damned custom has not brazed it so
That it be proof and bulwark against sense."

I could fill pages upon the leaders of fashionable vulgarity and the vulgarities of polite society; but this would involve a consideration of the thing in the abstract. I could also thrust my stick into a wasp nest that I know of, but this would lead to unpleasantness. I prefer to go my way in peace, switching off the heads of a rank weed or two, conscious that there is a pure sky above me, a purer air about me, and the odor of a thousand sweet and wholesome things around.

THINGS AS THEY ARE.

THE ass that looks upon the stars
Is not less asinine; the base
And cowardly, who boasts of scars,
Or wears a crown, may take the place
Of generous spirits, in the throng
Where usurpation reigns; for men
Confound the worthy with the strong,
Nor weigh pretension's clamor vain.

The hollowest vessels sound the loudest,
The richest treasures deepest lie—
Yet piled up wealth, and rank the proudest,
Are but tumultuous vanity.
I am a prince—with princely spirit,
A ruler—if I rule my heart;
A titled heir—if I inherit
Of virtue, wisdom, truth, a part.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

FASTING.

[In the May number of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY—at the end of an editorial article on Lent—we suggested the inquiry, "What is the Christian Law of fasting?" which was done not to occasion doubts on the subject, but to obtain the solution of our own, half-formed misgivings. Soon after that article was written, and before it was published, a case similar to that there given, respecting a certain proceeding in an Annual Conference—where, according to the Church's organic law, the theory and practice of fasting was being enjoined as a sacred duty upon the candidates for the ministry, and one of the candidates confessed that he had neither practiced fasting, nor did he consider it a Christian's duty—occurred in another conference, and it was passed over with still less respect to the solemn injunction of the Ritual. All this appeared rather strange and incongruous, and added new force to our inquiry as to the Christian law of fasting. About the same time the announcement appeared in the papers that in one of our Western cities, at a Preachers' Meeting, a paper had been read by a distinguished minister, taking the position that fasting is not enjoined (and if not, then not *allowed*) in the Christian system. We, therefore, availed ourselves of the opportunity so offered, to obtain a discussion of the subject for our "Study," and have now the pleasure of laying before our readers an outline of the paper referred to.]

1. THE word fast or fasting does not occur in the Pentateuch, neither as substantive nor verb. There are, however, in those earliest writings evidently frequent allusions to the practice. The word abounds in the historical and poetic books of the sacred Scriptures, in the Prophets and the New Testament.

Among the Hebrews there was but one **STATED** fast authorized by Moses, and by him put into the law; namely, that of the great day of atonement. This day of atonement recurred annually, and had the character of a religious festival. A specific description of the ordinance is given in Lev. xvi, 29-34. It is mentioned also in equally precise terms in Lev. xxiii, 27-32. In Numbers xxix, 7-11, there are described the services prescribed for this seventh month, tenth day, festival of atonement. It will be observed that the date of the ordinance was fixed on the calendar time-table, sometimes falling on the Sabbath, sometimes on a secular day of the week. But

whenever it did occur, the day was to be observed as under the Sabbath Law. "It shall be a sabbath of rest unto you, and ye shall afflict your souls by a statute forever." Lev. xvi, 31.

This stated fast is alluded to, no doubt, in Acts of the Apostles, xxvii, 9: "Now when much time was spent, and when sailing was now dangerous, because the fast was now already past, Paul admonished them." These words show how tenaciously the Hebrews were holding to the ancient ordinances of their fathers.

2. In the time of the captivity there came in as many as *four* other fasts occasioned by some especial calamities, and they were perpetuated as festivals in commemoration of those calamities. They occurred severally on the fourth, fifth, seventh, and tenth months, and another is mentioned in the Book of Esther (Esther iv, 16,), which may be counted as the fifth in the enumeration. There were also public fasts held under special proclamations, and for special causes, but none of them had the character of festivals, as was the fact respecting those mentioned before.

Numerous instances are given of the fasting of individuals under their own choice, occasioned by some special grief, care, or oppression, and possibly sometimes as a means of spiritual discipline.

3. Fasting consisting of abstinence from food with other processes and signs of humiliation and sorrow, was entirely consistent with Hebraic worship, and surely was a "part and parcel" of it. The worship of that people from beginning to end, was rather like an "object lesson" service. Material means seemed the ordained channels through which they came to the perception of religious ideas, and by which they offered to God worshipping service. It was through the *material* and of course the *visible*, they saw as "through a glass darkly," to the spiritual, which was in prophecy and promise.

4. "When the fullness of time was come" and the spiritual had its complete inauguration in the Gospel of Christ, then that "object lesson" method of worship was intended to be at an end. On the bringing in of the New Testament, with its purely spiritual services of divine worship, there was found a decisive occasion for closing out all those ordinances peculiar to the altar and temple worship of the Old Testament, and whatever was distinctive of that worship. If fasting was one of the required ordinances of the Hebraic services, and in the catalogue of rites was assigned its place, then it ceased by authority with the rest of their Churchly institutions. In the same sense in which they were fulfilled, fasting was also fulfilled. That this assertion is well taken is certain,

a. On the ground and by the authority of *prophecy*. The prophet Isaiah seems to put the question decidedly in this light. Isaiah lviii, 5-7: "Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord? Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?" Zech. vii, 5-10 is in a similar strain, and substantially of the same import. Both prophets recognize fasting as an ordinance actually in the practice of the Church. They speak of it as a degenerate practice, and of the ordinance itself as in a condition of wicked perversion. Let it be observed particularly, on the other hand, that the fast God had chosen for the *permanent* practice of his people was decisively of another character, and in which literal abstinence from food is not required in any sense as a factor. (See Is. lviii, 6, 7; also Zech. vii, 8-10.) These places are representative of the entire Old Testament prophetic Scriptures on this subject.

b. That fasting as an ordinance in the Church was fulfilled and ended precisely like other ordinances peculiar to the worship of the Hebrew people is certain, on the ground and by

the authority of the New Testament. Christ rebuked the Pharisees very sharply for their hypocrisy and worldliness in their acts of worship, and prescribed for his disciples only the *spiritual* in their approaches to God, "abstaining from the *appointment* of any fast whatever as a part of his own religion." The most that can be justly claimed for Matt. vi, 16-18 is an allowance of the practice on the ground of individual conscience or desire. The enjoining part of the passage (17th and 18th verses) has not the least allusion to the well-known Hebraic practice of abstinence.

In Matt. ix, 14, the reason of this omission from Christ's teaching and from the practice of his disciples is expressly asked for by the followers of John: "Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but thy disciples fast not?" The answer in the 15th to 17th verses proves at least so much as this, that *Christ did not intend to enjoin fasting at all*. He did mean to say that in his departure from them there would be occasion for mourning, and that the old methods would not be effectual for their relief. He did, moreover, intend to teach them that the continuance of the rites, practiced under the law, could not consist with the spirit of the dispensation which was then being inaugurated. (See Matt. ix. 16, 17.)

On this whole question Jesus puts what should be interpreted to be a *quietus* in Matt. xi, 18, 19: "For John came neither eating nor drinking [fasting], and they say, He hath a devil. The Son of Man came eating and drinking [not fasting], and they say, Behold a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." That is to say, in the law of Christ and under his Gospel fasting is not to figure, in the least, as an ordinance enjoined in the spiritual and completed Gospel. It is rather the law of Christ that "wisdom shall be justified of her children." In other words, the fruits of the life shall prove the parentage of wisdom.

The passage just now quoted (Matt. xvii, 18, 19) is equivalent to a formal and decisive *repeal* of all that had ever been required respecting the rite of fasting in any of the ages under the Mosiac and prophetic dispensation. A refusal it is also to enact any ordinance of like character to be enforced as a religious practice, under the New Testament and Christian dispensation. The remonstrance of Christ against

the disciples' want of faith in the case of the lunatic (Matt. xvii, 14-21) has been deemed by many as equivalent to an assertion in favor of the rite. Especially Matt. xvii, 21, has been so interpreted: "Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." Waiving the grave question respecting the genuineness of the passage, all that can be made out of it by any just criticism is, that "it would appear that the practice under consideration was considered in the days of Christ to act in certain special cases as an exorcism." (M'Clintock and Strong's Cyclo.) Beyond this the most enlightened investigation can end only in uncertainty. The conclusion is, that *fasting, consisting in abstinence from food as a stated religious rite, is not to be practiced as among the requirements of the New Testament.*

5. One staunch fact should be carefully noted, which seems to put the convictions and the practice of the Christian Church for eighteen hundred years on the affirmative side of this question, and against the conclusion taken. Nearly the whole of the Church, during this long period, have actually practiced fasting, requiring it with greater or less regularity as of New Testament obligation. This fact is mentioned with care and precision. It is a fact that *seems* to be an argument in favor of the practice as obligatory—it is such an argument.

Explanatory of this fact let two things be noted with equal care and precision. If properly considered they will prove a sufficient rejoinder to the historic argument alluded to.

a. The first thing is, that, the practice of fasting, for a period of one thousand eight hundred years from the ascension of Christ downwards, was under the influence and control of Christian orders, whose worship was (to put the statement mildly) only semi-spiritual, and who do conduct their religious devotions largely in the use of material and of course visible representations.

Especially from the division of the Church into its Eastern and Western branches in the period of Constantine until now, what has either branch known of the spiritual, and how much through purely spiritual channels? Does not Romanism constantly emphasize the *material* in all the forms and processes of its worship? Is not this inquiry just as appropriate respecting the Greek or Eastern branch

of the Church, in the worship of the millions crowding the provinces of the kingdom of Greece, European Turkey and the whole of the Russian Empire? How much less appropriate is the inquiry having in mind the multiplied millions worshipping according to the prescribed forms of the Lutheran Church in various sections of Northern Europe? And is not the inquiry of decided significance when its object is the High-church usages among large portions of the Protestant Episcopalians every-where? The question has about equal significance with regard to all these classes of nominally Christian peoples.

There has been the same reason for fasting in these half spiritual Churches—these "object lesson" worshipping Churches, that obtained in the Hebrew Church in any part of its history, or in all of it. But be it remembered that popular sentiment on this subject has been controlled by the Roman, Greek, Lutheran, and Protestant Episcopal bodies in their respective periods through all the Christian ages, until dissenting and more spiritual bodies came into ascending, if not supreme influence, within the period of about the last seventy-five years. For the continuance of fasting as a practice of religious duty in the Church these classes of formal and ritualistic worshippers are responsible.

b. The second thing to be noted with precision is, that the entire dissenting and evangelical Church, embracing all the denominational organizations whose worship is "in spirit and in truth" without the intervention of any material media, is, as a matter of fact, in entire accord with the interpretation taken. There is not a dissenting Church on earth of evangelical faith, and whose worship is purely spiritual in its character, *but has abandoned the use of fasting as a religious requirement.* There is not a ministry of such a Church today insisting on its observance. There is not a ministry nor membership that does actually maintain its observance in practice. This desuetude is the natural and necessary outgrowth of universal Christian conviction on this subject among all classes of "dissenting" bodies. These are indisputably the convictions of this age, by far the most spiritual and in every way the most cultured of man's history. This fact is quoted confidently as an irrefutable confirmation of the non-fasting

doctrine advocated. Every spiritual body of Christians on the earth accepts Christ's assertion of a purely spiritual worship, and by just so much as they do accept it heartily have they desisted from the practice of fasting as an institution of the Christian Church. This fact, for such it is, should be allowed to have great weight in the determination of this question, although we may not be conscious as to the methods by which the prevalent convictions have been gained, the confirmations they give are still "all the same."

Let now the points which have been taken be marked well:

1. Fasting is sustained and practiced to-day as it ever has been mainly by those who worship God through sense symbols or representations.

2. Fasting is not sustained and practiced to-day as an ordinance in the Church by spiritual worshippers in the use of purely a spiritual service.

3. All this corresponds precisely with the evident scope and spirit of the sacred Scriptures.

R. A.

[The arguments of the foregoing essay are apologetic rather than assertive, defensive rather than belligerent. But the citadel is in the hands of the opposite side out of which it must be dislodged. There is certainly something due to prescriptive opinions in which diverse classes of professors have all along been agreed, and if the case is to be reopened, the onus of the proof and argument must fall upon

the party that seeks a reversal of former decisions. It is conceded that through all the past ages of the Church fasting has been recognized with almost entire unanimity as a high duty and a valuable means of grace; but now it is asked, what is the authority for all this? A question not hard to answer, if the prescriptive interpretations of certain expressions in Scripture shall still be accepted. But the correctness of these is now called in question.

The claim that a kind of materialistic literalism has permeated the mind and heart of the Church from the beginning, blunting its perceptions and inclining it to the outward and visible instead of the spiritual and unseen, in its worship may not be entirely put aside. But that thought will affect some others of the traditional doctrines of the Church, and especially those that relate to the future of the race, in both the present world and the next. Evidently it is not enough to be able to claim for any doctrine that it possesses that kind of catholicity which is described by the terms *always, every-where, and by all*, in respect to its historical prevalence.

But still another question arises at this point which much more vitally affects the case, Does Christianity enjoin or indeed permit voluntary austerities and self-imposed penitences? And is not fasting as a religious exercise something of that character. We are not prepared to answer our own queries in this case; but they will require to be answered before the subject shall be set at rest.—EDITOR.]

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE ZULU TASTE IN DRESS.—I saw Sham some months since; then he wore European clothing, but, consistently with his native customs, he has now, in time of war, discarded it for the everlasting blanket. I have seen it urged in some English papers as an insuperable barrier to the opening of Zulu-land for traffic that the Zulu, in common with all Africans, has an unconquerable antipathy to clothing. A greater fallacy could not be promulgated. True, in his native and raw state, his clothing is of the simplest and most men-

ger description, consisting as it does of a ring round the head of those who are married, and a piece of bullock hide hanging from the waist before and behind, common to all. But this is because he can not get other articles of clothing. There is every respect for the demands of decency, and at the same time a display of some of the finest physical developments, but marred, as a rule, by a great fall in the small of the back. The limbs are firm and lithe, the flesh plentiful and firmly set, the chest full and expansive, the gait firm and

quiet, but dignified, sometimes even majestic, and the whole contour a model of physical perfection, with the exception I have named, and the curious formation of the face, so well known that description would be superfluous. When he can obtain clothing he does so with a vengeance. I have often wondered where all the cast-off clothing of the British and Continental armies was disposed of. My doubts were at an end when, on passing through Maritzburg, I saw numerous "Kafir stores, with the uniforms of British grenadiers, French chasseurs, and Austrian huzzars laid out in every form of tempting display. On my way up country it was no unusual thing to meet a native with three or four old tunics fitting him where they touched, in the genuine slop style. Once, out of curiosity, I examined a native, and found him wearing, in the middle of an African Summer, a guardsman's tunic, a lancer's tunic, and the ample cloak of a life guardsman. The women, too, are fond of clothing bright and gay—the brighter the better. I have passed through the whole of South Africa and must confess that the Zulu woman is the most chaste and decent in her dress and bearing. In Cape Colony, where the European population is more numerous, I have seen native women running about in complete nudity. In Pondoland and Griqualand and Basutoland I have seen the same; but in Zulu-land I have never seen a woman whose dress could be objected to by the most squeamish on the score of deficiency.—*Correspondence of the Scotsman.*

A RADISH FEAST IN ENGLAND.—At Levens Hall, in Westmoreland, a curious celebration took place recently. For a time "to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," it has been the custom on the 12th of May to hold a radish feast in the grounds of that old English mansion. How it originated nobody knows exactly; but some of its attendant circumstances suggest that it sprang out of those habits of profuse hospitality which were characteristic of the "fine old English gentleman" in the olden time. The radish feast is associated with the opening of an annual fair at Milnthorpe, in the same neighborhood by the mayor and corporation of Kendal. That worshipful body, having discharged the duty of proclaiming the ancient fair in due form in the morning, repair to Levens Hall

to assist at the radish feast. Upon the bowling-green a table is set apart for them, upon which they find a liberal supply of radishes, oatbread, and butter for their refreshment, and at a second table, close by, all comers provided with free tickets take their turns and enjoy the feast. Radishes, oatbread and butter, however, would probably not suffice to attract so many visitors were they not supplemented by a copious flow of peculiar old ale, of great potency, called "morocco." Indeed, one of the most remarkable events of the day is associated with that powerful beverage. According to the traditions of the feast or the custom of the country, visitors who make their first appearance there must prove their fitness by a process which is calculated at once to demonstrate the potency of the "morocco," and the drinking power of the stranger. The new-comer is pulled into the ring, and there and then, in the midst of a crowd of experts, he is required to stand upon one leg. An old-fashioned glass, containing a pint of the "morocco," is then placed in his hand, and it becomes his duty first of all to repeat the toast, "Luck to Levens as long as Kent flows," and then drain the goblet in one draught, without losing his equilibrium during any part of the process. If he should succeed in the feat he is free of the place; failure entails the modest fine of a shilling, which goes to the gardeners. Athletic sports follow, and it seems not improbable that in the "good old times," when the capacity for heavy drinking was considered a manly accomplishment, this "morocco" test was looked upon as not the least important of the "trials of strength" which had to be undergone.

FRENCH PROTESTANTISM.—The Protestant movement is represented from many sources to be spreading rapidly in France. The Comtesse de Castries, the mother of the wife of ex-President MacMahon, has organized a Protestant congregation at Montargis, near her chateau, and similar congregations are springing up in other towns previously entirely Catholic. The comtesse says that "evangelical religion is the only hope for France. The government can not long stand without a basis of religious belief, and the Catholic religion will not serve for that basis. It may do for our higher classes—for our Quartier St. Germain—but it has lost its hold upon the masses."

M. Reveilland, who has been lecturing on Protestantism in France, thinks now is the opportunity for Protestants. He proposes "the formation of a society of patriotic men, Protestants by faith and Protestants by reason, who shall go forth awakening the consciences of their countrymen, preparing the way for the work of evangelization, and forming into one body these incipient adhesions, these floating sympathies, which now pervade the atmosphere of intelligent and liberal France. I would that, in towns and enlightened villages, meetings and conferences could be organized in which men known and respected for their wise and liberal views, could stand forth and treat this momentous question, pointing out the solution which we commend." A full and free debate will, he thinks, result in withdrawal from the Catholic and union with the Reformed Church.

THE BELGIAN CONGRESS OF AMERICAN ARCHEOLOGISTS.—On September 23d the international Congress of Americanists will convene at Brussels, under the patronage of the King of Belgium and the presidency of the Count of Flanders. The object of the Society of Americanists is to promote a knowledge of the early history of discovery and settlement on this continent, and to collect all such facts of a prehistoric kind as may be learned from ruins of ancient structures, etc. Now the question comes home whether it isn't about time for us to have a congress of the archæologists of this continent on our own shores, and so give new life to a study which has found advocates far inferior to the importance of the subject. This vast continent is laden with archæological treasures. We know scarcely any thing of the pre-discovery period of the fifteenth century, and yet we are the possessors of this territory and actually lay claim to national pride and an unusual amount of patriotism.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.—Early in the present century all the Spanish colonies from Venezuela to Chili, inclusive, became independent and established popular forms of government. But independence has not thus far helped to develop much manliness among these Latin races of the Western Continent, and there is enough bad blood in the South American republics to make them truly the western lands of revolutions. Just as a French-

man must have his duel to get even with somebody, and make the world know his fighting *esprit*, so the Peruvians and Chilians and Bolivians and Venezuelians are constantly quarreling with each other, and fighting national duels. The Parisians go to the "Bois de Boulogne," and fire in the air once or twice to make believe that they have had murderous intentions, and have had their *honor* satisfied. But the South American republicans actually shoot at each other, and destroy not only life but property, *ad libitum*. Thus, it is said, even yet the fight is raging bitterly between Peruvians and Chilians, the latter having seemingly the best of it. The Peruvians have had several little towns burnt, and ships have been worsted in every naval encounter. But there is a report that the Bolivians have formed an offensive and defensive alliance with the Peruvians, and expect to make lively times for the Chilians.

GARIBALDI AT ROME.—What can it mean? Garibaldi, old and feeble, carried to Rome on a litter, yet loitering in the city as if he had really come to stay. It is not often that the great Italian patriot leaves his Caprara home, except to make war for his country. He is now too aged to fight in the field, but he is not yet beyond the power of giving command, and there is not the Italian living who would dare to refuse a willing ear to the words of Garibaldi. They say he is going to Civita Vecchia to try the baths. He needs care and change of air, and will find it along the Mediterranean. But why, pray, all this martial array in the Italian cities, why is the recently proposed colonial settlement of New Guinea suddenly abandoned, and why are words of sympathy spoken to the brethren across in Trieste and all the others under "foreign" yoke? There is a meaning in all this, and the next few months will uncover it.

ROUMANIA'S PROSPERITY SINCE THE WAR.—

It is not often that nations profit by wars in which they are only an inferior auxiliary, and yet Roumania has been the principal gainer in the late contest at arms between Russia and Turkey. She has not only gained in territory and become a thoroughly organized nationality, but she has profited financially as well; indeed, "she has made a good thing out of the war," as some one has well said. The Russians paid for every thing they got, and settled

all the accounts for supplies and railway transportation. The payments, moreover, were made in silver and not in depreciated paper. Before the war the Roumanians could not pay the interest on the public debt; but this year they have done it easily, and, notwithstanding their military expenditures, have a good surplus. The peasantry have laid up money against a rainy day, and seeing that their tills are filled with silver, are disposed to think tolerably well of the Russians after all.

ANOTHER FRENCH STATESMAN DEAD.—In the death of Senator Gustave Rouland the Imperialists of France have lost one of their most illustrious and efficient leaders. He has not in recent years been so prominent as twenty years ago, but behind the throne of Napoleon III none stood who were stronger in intellect, richer in resources, more consistent in conduct, and more patriotic in feeling. And what his life was twenty years ago, when the displayful moods of the imperial court turned

on all its brilliant lights, Rouland was throughout his fifty years of activity, nay, even at the college in Rouen, he was a luminary. Until he was forty-one years old he always held provincial positions, but in 1847 he was called to Paris to occupy the position of advocate-general in the court of cassation, and at the same time represented Dieppe in the Chamber of Deputies. The Revolution disgusted him with public affairs. Louis Napoleon, when he had established the empire, recalled Rouland, and in 1856 gave him the portfolio of public instruction, and he held this with great success until 1863, when he was made President of the Council of State. Then it was seen how much Rouland had done in the ministry of education, and in 1864 he was made a member of the Imperial Council of Public Instruction. As far back as 1859 he had been created a life senator, and in all recent public measures, whenever the opportunity was presented, he improved it to urge the Imperial "lost cause."

ART.

OUR OLD BUILDINGS.

WHILE much is said about the necessity of art studies in and around the centers of old civilizations (in the old world), there may be danger that we shall overlook objects of interest and of great importance lying in our own territory, and oftentimes located in our immediate neighborhoods. Till within twenty-five years archaeology was supposed to connect with questions of Asiatic, African, or European history; but now America is found to be an old world, the oldest geologically, and not without its ancient race-history, and its antiquities are attracting to their study some of our best scholars and with highly compensating results. We notice that this subject has received new illustration from the recent appeal of the Boston Chapter of the Institute of Architecture to younger members of the profession for drawings illustrating the old architecture of New England, especially that of the colonial time. We give the points as stated by the *American Architect*: "Not only is there much that is interesting, both of de-

sign and of detail, in the colonial work, much that is serviceable for purposes of study and artistically pleasing, but there are many questions of interest concerning the history and sequence of our architecture which can be solved only by careful examination of our old buildings with comparison of dates and localities, a mode of study which has, as far as this subject is concerned, been almost absolutely neglected.

"To mention one, there is the question of the old gambrel roof, very common in the Northern States a century ago. When was it first used, and when given up? Where did it come from? It may be said roughly to have been used as early as the seventeenth century, and to have been given up after the Revolution. But was it an indigenous construction which grew up out of practical wants among our northern farmers? or was it an importation, and if so, from whom? The obvious suggestion that it is substantially the French Mansard roof, and must have been copied after it, does not seem to be borne out by evidence. It has been

suggested that it was copied into New England from the buildings of the Dutch settlers in New York. If this should prove to be the case, where did the Dutch settlers first find it? Its prototype is not to be seen, we believe, among the old houses of Holland. These questions might be answered by a comparison of a good number of the older examples, if people could be found to make accurate record of them, with attention to their dates. Many other questions which would arise could in like manner be solved, and much interesting information be got together if there were any one to collect examples with the necessary precision. There is still much of the old work left, but every year more and more of it is pulled away to make room for more pretentious, but commonly inferior work, or falls into ruin from neglect or decay. A great many handsome old houses survive in the quieter and older New England country towns; for in the Colonial days the magnates did not crowd into the largest cities as leading men do now, nor was the pre-eminence of a few towns fixed, as it is now. In some regions of New York there still remain the quaint farm-houses of the early Dutch settlers. In the older Southern States where there has been less disposition than at the North to replace the work of early days, and, we believe, especially in Virginia, a great many fine old mansions and some churches and some civic buildings still tell of Colonial grandeur. Architects, draughtsmen, or amateurs who will take the trouble may do good service if they will lend a hand in keeping this inheritance of good work from being forgotten."

These most valuable suggestions should be acted upon in all localities where these old manors or churches may be found. The truth is, some of the descendants of the Puritans in New England seemed to have the horror for richness and ornament only in connection with the meeting-house, while in their homes much of true artistic taste was found; while the Dutch and the descendants of the cavaliers and of the Huguenots had no scruple in adorning their churches and homes to the extent of their ability. Deep regret will soon be felt if the sketch of these buildings shall be neglected. It is yet easy to accomplish much for their history and fame.

TENEMENT STRUCTURES FOR THE POOR.

THE profounder studies in Sociology of this century, the labors of the Social Science Society, and other influences are already bearing good fruits. The intimate connection of squalid tenants in death-breeding tenements with the figures on the tax-roll, has driven many men, hitherto not notorious for their care of the unfortunate, to inquire after the remedy for this enormous expenditure for poor relief and the maintenance of paupers and criminals. Self-interest dictates a more intelligent care for the artisan and his family, and the instinct of self-preservation is leading some of the capitalists of our larger towns to provide a number of neat and convenient homes for permanent occupancy by the laboring classes. Tax-payers and publicists are alike learning that squalor and disease are the most stubborn enemies of national and municipal prosperity, and that cleanliness and health are the conditions of financial gains. It has been found, too, that a better class of tenements are more truly remunerative than the old death-breeding, tumble-down affairs which are still cursing too many towns, but which, happily, are steadily being supplanted by brighter and more beautiful homes, where is found plain evidence of thrift and comfort. The committee of nine which was recently appointed by a meeting at the Cooper Institute has made a preliminary report on the best methods of building cheap tenant houses in New York City. This report inclines to the opinion that it is better to build these cheap, neat, substantial fire-proof houses on lots not less than one hundred feet square, and that the tenants themselves should be encouraged to invest in these; that the rents would afford a fair remuneration for the capital invested; that in case the fund was sufficient, to build in the quadrangle fashion; that the sale of all liquors should be excluded from the premises; and that they should be under a regular system of inspection. The report that one of the sporting men of New York, who has at command a very large fortune, has purchased a large tract of land in the vicinity of Yonkers for the purpose of erecting thereon four hundred tenements for renters, has led some more thoughtful men to inquire into the probable effect of forming a colony of workmen and artisans, who would be upon nearly the same social

plane. To what extent this might contribute to the improvement of the families it is difficult to say. Certain it is that the commingling of rich and poor, of capitalists and laborers, of cultured and refined with the unlearned and uncouth, is an immense benefit to the less favored classes; but whether these advantages may be somewhat compensated by the skill and independence in management of neighborhood affairs, etc., which might be developed, may be a serious question. One thing is certain, that the very best thing for true philanthropists to do is to encourage every family to become proprietors just as soon as this may be possible. The true solution of the question of communism will be found, we imagine, in helping the laborer to be the owner of his home, however humble, and to encourage him and his family to that prudence and that temperate living which in the end will bring a condition of comparative comfort, and develop a reverence for that law which throws itsegis of protection over him and his rich neighbor alike. Could associations of capitalists be multiplied for this purpose of building neat, substantial, and comparatively inexpensive tenements to sell on easy terms—attaching such conditions relating to cleanliness, sanitary provisions, etc., as would be at the same time protective and educating to the artisan and his family—the country would be more nearly out of the perplexing difficulties which now beset us. It is well known that ownership begets conservatism; and nothing is surer than that the owners of homes will always be arrayed on the side of quiet and good order, when they clearly see that their property, in common with that of the rich, must be taxed to pay the losses occasioned by riot and lawlessness. He must be regarded as a true patriot, who said at a recent gathering in the interests of the laboring classes, "My chief care and effort in my town for the last forty years have been to induce the laboring classes to get homes of their own, and hundreds of families have acted on my advice and are happy."

THE GUILD OF ST. GEORGE.

APROPOS to this subject is the recent meeting of Mr. Ruskin's society, "The Guild of St. George." The famous art critic has at times, as is well known, kept company with

Plato and Sir Thomas More in getting up "Republics" and "Utopias." We are amazed at the multiplicity and excellence of the work which this man of sixty years has accomplished. Readers of his "Fors Clavigera" are familiar with the favorite theory of Mr. Ruskin in relation to the improvement of the laboring classes and the interdependence of art and work. Doubtless the recognition and emphasis of the principle that artistic energy and moral energy must go hand in hand have led him and his admirers to inquire very earnestly how this moral energy can be increased and conserved. Starting with purely artistic studies, it was found that these compelled a much wider sweep of examination; that art connected directly or indirectly with questions which at first sight appeared to be most foreign, that the interdependence of art, morals, religion, social condition, physical surroundings, governmental policies, etc., etc., was a grand and inspiring fact which must receive wider recognition by artists themselves, and by all who would aspire to be the true interpreters of the significance of art in human history. The average public connect with the names artist and art critics one who is lean, pale, spiritual, one raised above the level of fact and truth into a realm of thin ether; one whose logical powers are enslaved by his imagination and whose every-day food and drink are ambrosia and nectar. Indeed, the elements of strength, robustness, and hard, sound sense, are usually eliminated from the character of the true artist. When the kind Mrs. De Kroypt was introduced to the library of the poet Longfellow, he walked across the room and seated himself on the sofa by her side. "Why, Mr. Longfellow," said she, "I had pictured you in my imagination as a thin, pale, ethereal student who must have hard work to remain upon this poor vulgar earth of ours; but how am I astonished to find you a strong, robust, beef-eating man who is perfectly at home in this world." It is useless to add that Longfellow enjoyed this description most heartily. The effort of Mr. Ruskin is guided by the principle which he has expressed as follows: "No great arts were practicable to any people, unless they were living contented lives, in pure air, out of the way of unsightly objects, and emancipated from unnecessary mechanical occupation." And yet he would

have us "able to imagine a true and refined scholarship, and as true an art, of which the essential foundation is to be skill in some useful labor." Even coarse work, if you only dissociate it from foul air and vulgar surroundings, and place it in the midst of a healthy natural environment, ought not in any degree to blunt the susceptibility of the soul to beauty, or render us insensible to the beauties of nature. These are certainly very bold words for one who has been a child of luxury all his life, and who ranks among the keenest and most intelligent art critics of the world. Certainly we are ready to wish such

society as this, to which reference is made in the English journals, all success, even though some features of the plan seem very Utopian, and others appear to us, on first examination, retrogressive rather than truly progressive. The members of this "Guild" are as yet few. The very name recalls a period of history to which we do not wish to return, and a little of Mr. Ruskin's pre-Raphaelite taste appears in many of the features of the plan. It may be a harmless experiment; and some benefit, either of direct gain or of warning, will doubtless come of it. Its results will be watched with lively interest.

NATURE.

CIRCULATION OF THE SAP AND ORIGIN OF SUGAR IN TREES.—Every body knows that in many trees sugar makes its appearance in the sap in Spring very suddenly. Obviously the sugar has not been manufactured by the process of vegetable functions at the moment of its appearance, since the vital functions are then only beginning to resume their activity after the long sleep of the Winter. Neither had it been stored up during the previous Summer, for the most thorough search fails to find it in root, trunk, or branch. Starch, however, is made and stored up in abundance in various parts of the plant; but begins to disappear at the very moment sugar begins to be found in the sap. The transformation of starch into sugar, by several very simple chemical processes, completes the solution of the problem of the sudden appearance of sugar in the sap of trees.

Few thorough investigations have been made hitherto of the circulation and composition of the sap in trees. Recently some very exact examinations have been made in Germany in the case of birch, maple, and hornbeam trees. The following are some of the more interesting results:

In the birch the transformation of starch into sugar begins in the parenchyma of the bark, the upper branches being the part of the tree first affected, and the trunk-wood and root the parts where starch is longest held. The change into sugar is apparently commenced by the influence of the sun's rays, and

precedes the rising of the sap. On February 3d no sugar was found in borings from the trunk and root of a birch. On March 12th, the borings yielded sugar. On March 17th, the borings were found moist and sticky, and seven days later the sap began to flow. Sap can first be obtained by a boring in the root; it then rises gradually in the trunk at the rate of about half a meter a day. When the highest point has been reached at which bleeding will take place, the flow of sap begins to diminish, gradually ceasing from above downwards and continuing a short time in the root after it has ceased in the trunk. With birch, bleeding begins a week earlier and continues about a week later than with maple. The whole bleeding period with birch is about six or seven weeks.

The principal ingredient in Spring sap is sugar. In birch sap the sugar is uncrystallizable. In the sap of the hornbeam a similar sugar is present. In maple sap, on the contrary, the sugar is crystallizable and chemically identical with cane sugar. The percentage of sugar in birch sap varied between 0.31 and 1.92, and that in maple sap from 1.15 to 3.71, and in hornbeam sap 0.46. The percentage of sugar in the sap flowing from any part of the trunk reaches its maximum very soon after bleeding commences, and then diminishes till bleeding ceases. The sap from the boring at the foot of a birch tree commenced running on April 5th, and then contained 1.25 per cent of sugar. On April 9th, the sugar had increased to 1.40 per cent. From this date the

percentage of sugar diminished to 0.60 which it reached on May 22d, when bleeding ceased. The quantity of sugar in the sap is increased in the earlier part of the season by a rise of temperature. The percentage of sugar falls rapidly as soon as the leaf buds begin to develop, and the stage of development reached by the leaf forms an excellent indication of the condition of the sap.

PLAGUE OF RATS IN BRAZIL.—From time to time in all parts of Brazil the plantations are subject to the depredations of armies of rats that issue from the forests and consume every thing edible that comes in their way. There has recently been an almost universal lack of corn throughout the province of Parana, due to such an invasion of rats, by which almost the entire crop of last year has been destroyed. This invasion, or plague, as it is called, is said to occur at intervals of about thirty years, and to be simultaneous with the dying of the bamboo, which every-where abounds in the Brazilian forest. The popular explanation is that every cane of bamboo sprouts with a grub, the germ of a rat, within it, and that when the bamboo ripens and dies, the germ becomes a fully developed rat, which comes out to prey on the plantations. An educated and observant Englishman, who has resided a number of years in the province, and had an opportunity of studying the phenomenon, has furnished the following rational and curious explanation: The bamboo arrives at maturity, flowers, and seeds at intervals of several years, which doubtless vary with the different species. The period for the species most abundant in Parana is thirty years. The process instead of being simultaneous, occupies about five years, a few of the canes going to seed the first year, an increased number the second, and so on progressively, till finally the remaining and larger portion of the canes seed at the same time. Each cane bears about a peck of edible seed, resembling rice, which is very rich and nutritious, and is often eaten by the Indians. The quantity produced is enormous, and large areas are often covered to a depth of five or six inches. After seeding the cane dies, breaks off at the root and falls to the ground, the process of decay being hastened by the borings of larvæ which live upon the bamboo and appear to be particularly abundant at seeding

time. These larvæ have doubtless given rise to the story of the grub developing into a rat. New canes spring up from the seed; but require seven or eight years to become fit for use, and thirty to reach maturity. With this sudden and constantly increasing supply of nourishing food for a period of five years, the rats and mice, both of native and imported species, increase extraordinarily in number. The fecundity of these animals is well known, and the result after four or five years of an unusual and constantly increasing supply of excellent food, and in the absence of enemies of equal fecundity, can readily be imagined. The last of the crop of seed being mature and fallen to the ground, the first rain causes it to decay in the space of a very few days. The rats, suddenly deprived of food, commence to migrate, invading the plantations and houses, and consuming every thing that does not happen to be repugnant to the not very fastidious palate of a famishing rodent. If this happens at the time of corn planting, the seed is consumed as fast as it can be put into the ground. The mandioca is dug up; the rice crop, if it happens to be newly sown or in seed, is consumed, as is also every thing in the houses in the way of provisions and leather, if not carefully protected in tin trunks.

SUGAR IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.—Continental Europe, Great Britain and her dependencies, with the United States, annually consume upwards of three million (3,000,000) tons of raw sugar; but for purposes of comparison, the United States and Great Britain present the essential elements; the people of these countries being the largest consumers of sugar per capita in the world, the relative consumption being according to the official data of both countries and deductions therefrom, as follows:

Year.	Great Britain, per cap., lbs.	United States, per cap., lbs.	Excess Gt. Britain, per cap., lbs.
1870	48.00	35.68	12.32
1874	59.40	40.27	19.13
1875	65.17	40.77	24.40
1876	58.39	39.47	18.92
1877	56.66	26.87	29.79
1878	62.25	37.99	24.26

Doubtless the people of the United States actually eat as much sugar per capita as do the people of Great Britain; but the latter feed large quantities of cheap raw sugar to cattle, and use sugar more extensively in brewing

than is the case in this country, which partly accounts for the difference in consumption per capita. But the fact is evidenced that the people of Great Britain are enabled to eat and profitably use more sugar per capita than the people of this country, simply because they could obtain the raw sugar without restriction as to grade under a classified tariff, and at present can obtain any quality free of duty. When the duty on sugar was high in England, consumption was small.

For instance, in 1860, under high duty on sugar in England, her people, numbering 28,984,000, consumed 1,003,676,800 pounds of raw sugar, or 34.63 pounds per capita, while in 1870, under a reduced tariff, the consumption rose to 48 pounds per capita, and after the abolition of duty on sugar in 1874, the consumption reached 59.40 pounds per capita for that year, and 65.17 pounds per capita in 1875. This too rapid increase has now settled down to about 62 pounds per capita.

PROTECTION AGAINST LIGHTNING IN ENGLAND.—So slow has been the march of progress in the application of one of the greatest scientific discoveries of modern times to the uses of daily life, that even now, after the lapse of more than a century, the employment of lightning conductors, simple as they are, and as inexpensive as simple, is far from being general, still less universal, in England. At least one-half, and perhaps two-thirds, of all the public buildings, including the churches and chapels, of Great Britain and Ireland are without protection against lightning. As to private houses it is safe to assert that not five out of every hundred have lightning conductors. It is well known that the amount of property destroyed annually by lightning is very great, though it is naturally impossible to form any estimate of it. The terrible losses, both of property and human lives, still occasioned by lightning are the more lamentable as they are in nearly all cases, the result of the grossest negligence. The negligence is threefold; namely, first, in not providing any lightning conductors at all; secondly, in not placing them in the right position, or in sufficient number to protect a given area; and, thirdly, in not having them regularly tested, so as to ascertain their constant efficiency. Even some of the finest cathedrals of England, such as

Peterborough, have no lightning conductors whatever, while others supplied with them are insufficiently protected, as is apparent to any competent observer. Striking examples might be given of the absence of lightning conductors, and of the disastrous effects of their defective arrangement. The third cause of neglect is by no means the least. All such means of protection ought to be carefully inspected at least once a year and their efficiency tested by a galvanometer. The absolute neglect of this precaution which now prevails, is no doubt the cause of a vast number of casualties by lightning inflicted upon buildings nominally protected by conductors. Utter neglect of the conductor when once it has been put in its place is the commonest thing, and, indeed, the rule, as regards private dwellings; and, we fear, there is little difference in this respect as to most public buildings, churches, and chapels. In fact, it is the old case of a matter of however great consequence, yet being utterly disregarded as nobody's business. Between three and four thousand pounds were spent in protecting the Houses of Parliament by lightning conductors at the time of their erection, some twenty years ago. Since that time, so far as can be ascertained after minute investigation, they have never been tested, and there is no guarantee whatever that a discharge of lightning may not at any time fall upon the queen's throne, the lord chancellor's wool-sack, or the speaker's chair. A French writer pithily expresses the results that follow from a lightning conductor over a house not having a proper earth connection, by saying it is lightning guided to the owner's iron bedstead. As the clock in churches and other public buildings is methodically inspected by a clock-maker, so ought every lightning conductor to be systematically examined by an electrician or other competent person. Already such a system of inspection and testing of conductors exists in Paris and several other cities in France.

METEORIC STONES.—Mr. Charles U. Shepard, of New Haven, Connecticut, says he has accumulated the largest collection of meteoric stones in the United States, if not in the world. The collection embraces more than 500 meteoric stones and meteoric irons. The total weight of the collection is about 1,200 pounds.

The largest iron, procured from Colorado, weighs 438 pounds, and the smallest, from Otsego County, New York, weighs half an ounce. The largest entire stone, procured from Muskingum County, Ohio, weighs 56 pounds, and the smallest one, from Sweden, weighs less than fifty grains. The specimens have been gathered from all parts of the world. The catalogue begins with one which fell November 7, 1492, in Alsace, and ends with one which fell February 12, 1875, in Iowa County, Iowa. There are none between 1492 and 1753, but most of the years since the last date are represented, and some years by several specimens. Nearly every country in the known world is represented in the list.

MEATS COOKED BY COLD.—It is a fact of familiar experience that extreme cold produces in organic substances effects closely resembling those of heat. Thus, contact with frozen mercury gives the same sensation as contact with fire; and meat that has been exposed to very low temperature assumes a condition like that produced by heat. This action of intense cold has been turned to account for economical uses by Dr. Sawiczewsky, a Hungarian chemist, as is learned from *La Nature*. He subjects fresh meats to a temperature of minus 33° Fahrenheit, and having thus "cooked them by

cold," seals them hermetically in tin cans. The results are represented as being entirely satisfactory. The meat, when taken out of the cans a long time afterwards, is found to be, as regards its appearance and its odor, in all respects as inviting as at first. A German government commission has made experiments with this process, and in consequence two naval vessels dispatched on a voyage of circumnavigation were provided with meat prepared in this way. Hungary has an establishment for preserving meats by this process.

FIRE-CRACKERS.—The invoice value of all fire-crackers imported into the United States since January 1, 1865 is less than \$150,000, and the loss by two conflagrations during that period, traceable directly to them, amounts to upwards of \$15,000,000. We also find that in one day only the loss occasioned by these incendiaries amounted to twenty-five per cent of the total invoice value of all imported in 1875. It is not an extravagant statement to say that for every dollar's worth of fire-crackers imported into this country there has been a direct loss by fire of more than \$1,000. Nearly five hundred towns and cities in the United States have ordinances prohibiting the indiscriminate use of fire-crackers and fire-works on the streets.

RELIGIOUS.

THE WIFE OF THE JUDICIOUS HOOKER.—That learned and judicious divine, Richard Hooker, obtained his wife somewhat casually. When he was ordained priest he went to London, according to the statutes of his college, to preach at St. Paul's Cross. He arrived there wet, weary, weather-beaten, and very angry at a friend who had persuaded him not to walk, but to take the journey on horseback, which had prostrated him with influenza. His hostess, one Mrs. Churchman, attended to him with all care and diligence. Hooker was afraid he would not be able to preach on the following Sunday; but the good wishes and good nursing of his hostess nerved him for his duties, and he got through his work admirably. The preacher was very thankful to Mrs.

Churchman, who had cured him of his distemper and cold, and he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all the poor woman said. Mrs. Churchman told him he was a man of tender constitution, and that it was best for him to have a wife that might prove a nurse to him, such a one as might both prolong his life and make it more comfortable. And such a one she could and would provide for him if he thought fit to marry. So Mr. Hooker, in his guilelessness, empowered her to choose a wife for him, and promised to return to London at her call to receive his bride. Mrs. Churchman at once attended to this little business for Master Hooker. In looking around to find him a wife, she thought it wise to begin at home, and in her own daugh-

ter Joan, according to her judgment, she found one who would nurse the preacher, prolong his life, and make it more comfortable. In due time Mr. Hooker went to London to be joined to the wife of his hostess's choice. But she brought to him neither beauty nor portion. She was, and to relate, a woman of an unruly tongue, and instead of adding to his comfort, she was an incessant trial to his patience. The moral of this is: Choose for yourself.—*Chambers's Journal*.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF ST. PAUL.—M. Méyères's doubt of the authenticity of M. Rénan's description of the personal appearance of St. Paul appears to have set the Paris book-worms at work delving among the works of the early Church Fathers. The result is not only the justification of Rénan, but a good many curious discoveries of which the following are perhaps the most notable. St. Clement, of Alexandria, thus sketches the Savior: "Jesus had no beauty of face; his person offered no physical attractions; he only possessed beauty of soul, which is true beauty." St. Irenæus, a disciple of St. Polycarp, who was a disciple of St. John, wrote that his master had often heard the beloved disciple say that the hair of Jesus had already turned white when he began his mission.

AYODHYA.—This is one of the sacred cities of India in the province of Oude, and is the cradle of the Hindoo and Buddhist faiths. Three thousand years ago it was in its glory, but it is now considerably run down. Nevertheless some of the principal temples and other objects of interest are kept up. One of the chief attractions is the Hanomangarhi, or monkey temple. Within its walls dwell six hundred "disciples of the silent sect." They live as monks do, and pass most of their time in stolid indolence. There are in Ayodhya seven cloisters of this order, each of which is presided over by an abbot. These are the "Silent" sect, the "Void of Affection" sect, the "Naked" sect, the "Ash-besmeared" sect, the "Dumb" sect, the "Patient" sect, and the "Provisionless" sect. The men who compose these sects are supported by the revenue of lands set apart for the purpose, and by the gifts of pilgrims. Ayodhya contains a tomb of Seth, one of Job, and one of Noah. Noah's grave is twenty-seven feet long and two feet

wide. The great fair of Ramnammi, which is held annually at Ayodhya, has recently closed. It attracted this year nearly a million of pilgrims. The name of the place means "The unconquerable city of God."

FATHER PECCI.—The Rome correspondent of the *Boston Pilot* writes: "The news about the proximate nomination of the pope's brother, Father Pecci, to the cardinalate, has given rise to various comments. It may be remembered that the pontiff appointed him sub-librarian of the Vatican Library. It was in his residence at the Vatican that Father Curci, the celebrated ex-Jesuit, remained for ten days after the interview of the latter with the sovereign pontiff. Father Pecci is also an ex-Jesuit, having withdrawn from the order several years ago. People strive to see in the act of the pope a new departure from the policy of Pius IX. Others say that the act has no reference to the illustrious order of which Fathers Pecci and Curci were formerly members, but is an honor bestowed upon a man of profound learning and remarkable attainments."

THE BULGARIANS.—A missionary in Bulgaria, writing to the *Christian Weekly*, at New York, says that the feelings of the Bulgarians toward the missionaries are kinder than ever before. The Russians also are quite friendly and have done nothing to limit the work. There is now a large sale of Bibles and Testaments both in Russian and Bulgarian. New newspapers are springing up, and the government has published its intention to have three "gymnasias," one each at Sophia, Rustchuk, and Gabroov, and two theological seminaries, one at a place near Turnoov, and one in Samakov. Besides this, the government has published a plan for common schools in all the villages, and for higher schools in the larger places.

THE SALVATION ARMY.—The latest novelty in the evangelistic line in England is a troupe of howling enthusiasts in Manchester, who call themselves the "Salvation Army." Their "Salvation Temple" is on Grosvenor Street, and there they keep up a noisy time. Among the attractions are advertised Capt. Booth with his hallelujah fiddle; Happy Bill and Glory Tom, from Sheffield; Shaker Bill, from

Blackburn; and a converted collier, a band of hallelujah lasses, the champion pigeon flyer, and the champion wrestler of Over Darwen, and Mrs. Wilson, the singing pilgrim, who will pray and speak for God. This great miscellany of talent draws together many hard fellows, who would take no notice whatsoever of ordinarily decorous religious services. Some of the newspapers condemn the announcements of the "Salvation Army" and its style of work as "sensational" and otherwise open to criticism. But the regular Churches do not generally reach down into the slums for the class of people who are apt to be influenced by the "Salvation Army;" and if the "hallelujah fiddle" of Capt. Booth, or the prayer and praise of Singing Pilgrim Wilson will save sinners, the respectable righteous ought to rejoice thereat.

THE KNAVE BIBLE.—About two centuries ago an idea, partly originated by Fuller, was current that in some rare editions the apostle Paul designated himself "Paul, a knave of Jesus Christ." No such Bible really existed; and the Duke of Lauderdale, the well-known Scotch viceroy of Charles II, having in vain endeavored to procure one, it occurred to Thornton, a worthless fellow by all accounts, that he could, by a little ingenuity, gratify his grace and serve himself at the same time. He got a Matthews Bible dated MDXXXVII, and by careful manipulation, he erased the XVII, thus leaving the date 1520 instead of 1537—fifteen years earlier than the oldest English Bible extant, that of Coverdale. Not content with this daring imposition, he, in a similar manner, rubbed out the word "servaunte," in Romans i, 1, and substituted "kneave," made up of letters cut from other parts of the volume, so that the verse read, "Paul, a kneave of Jesus Christ," instead of "Paul, a servaunte of Jesus Christ." The book thus mutilated was taken to the duke, who gave him seventeen guineas for it.—*Lewis's History of Translations*, page 47.

Although "the mark of the rasure was very visible," Lauderdale was apparently pleased with his unique bibliographical treasure, and had his arms and coronet stamped on both sides. How the forgery was discovered is not mentioned; but Dr. Eadie remarks that a volume said to be the identical copy was sold at

a book sale in London in 1865. Hence its being sometimes called the "Knave Bible," which designation, in more senses than one, it certainly deserved.

THE ROMANCE OF DEATH.—"To-morrow I will utterly confute all that I have proved to-day, by stronger arguments," said Simon of Tournay, at the close of a lecture in which he vaunted that he had proved all the great mysteries of religion; on the morrow he was laid low by apoplexy. George Valla was hurried from his lodgings to give a lecture on the probability of the immortality of the soul, but before he reached his class-room he had solved the problem, for himself at least, by dropping dead on the way. The impious and profligate Pietro Aretino, who boasted that he had libeled every body dead or alive, with the exception of the Almighty, whom he spared because he knew nothing of him, terminated his existence characteristically. He was drinking and enjoying himself with certain other ecclesiastics, and one of them, telling a story of Aretino's sister, little enough to their credit, the wit leaned his chair back to laugh with full freedom, slipped, and dashed out his brains on the marble floor.

FIRST AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—As early as 1680, according to the records of the Pilgrim Church at Plymouth, Massachusetts, under the care of Rev. John Robinson, a Sunday-school was organized. In 1737, in Savannah, Georgia, John Wesley organized a Sunday-school, and his brother Charles and Rev. G. Whitefield continued the same. In 1740 Rev. Dr. Joseph Bellamy established a Sunday-school at Bethlehem, Connecticut. It is claimed that in 1806 Rev. S. Wilmer commenced a Sunday-school at Kent, in Maryland. The Broadway Baptist Sunday-school, in Baltimore, was organized in 1793 or 1794. Its fifty-third anniversary was held in 1847. Dr. John M. Peck, a pioneer preacher of the Baptist Church, tells us that the first Sunday-school effort in the Mississippi Valley was begun under the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, in the French village of St. Louis, in 1818. St. Louis was then a village of three thousand inhabitants. It is very difficult if not impossible to locate and date the first Sunday-school. The idea seems to have been original not to one man, but to many.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH BIBLE SOCIETIES.—Closely related to missionary work is that done by the great undenominational publication societies—the great Bible Society of the United States, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Religious Tract Society of Great Britain. The receipts of the American Bible Society last year were \$462,274; of which sum, \$203,460 was derived from the sale of books; \$112,205 from legacies; and \$142,009 from donations. The receipts exceeded those of last year by \$15,320. The British and Foreign Bible Society has expended £8,500,000, or over \$40,000,000, in the work of translating, revising, printing, and disseminating the Scriptures. There is hardly a country in the world that has not felt the influence of the society. It has printed and published the Bible or a part thereof in two hundred different tongues.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANEA.—The workmen in the new garden at the north-east of St. Paul's, London, in digging recently, came upon the foundation of Paul's Cross at the depth of six feet. The date of the cross is antecedent to the thirteenth century. It was used for ecclesiastical purposes for the first time during the reign of Edward I, the earliest record of such employment being in the year 1299. In Henry VIII's and Elizabeth's reigns the pulpit was filled by the most eminent preachers of the Reformation. It was here that Latimer and Ridley proclaimed to crowds of eager listeners that testimony which they afterward sealed with their blood. It was here, also, that Ridley preached his memorable sermon on the occasion of using the new service book for the first time. The demolition of Paul's Cross was decreed by the Long Parliament in 1642, and in the following year it was razed to the ground.

—The Rev. Dr. Shedd, a missionary, writes from Hamadan, Persia, that there is a wonderful movement among the old and large colony of Jews at that place. Their leaders have been discussing the question whether Jesus was the Messiah, and four of them have decided that he was, and been baptized, while many are applicants for baptism. About five thousand Jews are represented by the four baptized leaders.

—Baboo Protap Chunder Mozormdar, of the Bramo Sonaj, of India, has begun the publi-

cation of the *Theistic Quarterly Review* as an organ of the thought and movements of the Church of Mr. Sen and his co-laborers.

—We have been apt to consider China as a heathen country, and such it is from our Christian stand-point; but it is far from an ignorant land. It has without doubt over 400,000,000 people, of which vast number there is scarcely one who can not read and write. It has 2,000 colleges, and their libraries outnumber ours ten to one. There are in that land of pig-tailed Mongols, 2,000,000 highly educated men, while there is hardly a woman who is educated of all the vast number of its people, and not one who is thought to have a soul. Education is principally a discipline of the memory, and their schools are based upon an entirely different idea from ours. A live Yankee school-master would find little employment in China, even though he understood the Chinese language and literature perfectly.

—Billings's theology is not apt to be of the strictest sort, but there are times when he gives utterance to a statement which is calculated to start the theological mind on a new train of thought, as, for instance, when he says: "What a man iz the most afrade ov he sez he do'n't believe in; this may account for some men's unbelief in hell."

—The translation of the Bible into Russian was completed after over twenty years' delay. But it proved a paying task. In the one year since its completion 24,000 copies have been sold.

—The London Positivists have at last a ritual of their own. They will pray hereafter very much like other people except that they know not God and substitute humanity. But this is a step forward. For years these people have fancied a superiority of culture, and have looked with disdain on type and symbol and prayer. They have at last come to acknowledge the need of emotional element in devotion, and we may soon hear of further progress toward the truth.

—The growth of Romanism in this country has induced Pope Leo to consider a more intimate union with the Church at Rome, and there will be consequently a complete reorganization of the hierarchy and of the Society of Jesus too. We wish we might hear of a disbanding of the latter; they are too much organized for us already.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

"CAN'T YOU WAIT?"—It seems but yesterday that the world was eagerly asking, with anxious hope on the one hand, and sarcastic satisfaction at the first disappointments on the other, whether the decipherers had made out the names of Pharaoh and Senosiris, of Joseph and Moses, any evidence of the bondage in Egypt, or of the catastrophe in the Red Sea. The time has not yet passed for the remembrance, which a clergyman is said to have addressed to a skeptic who asked to see the devil, "Can't you wait?" In this province, also, we have need of the lesson so emphatically read of late to the whole world of science, against proclaiming conjectures as facts and probable hypotheses as certain truths. To take one striking example: When a papyrus at Leyden supplied us with the report of a scribe to his superior, under the great King Ramses II, that he had "distributed the rations among the soldiers and likewise among the Apurin, or Aperin, who carry the stones to the great city of King Ramses Miamun," most of the best Egyptologists yielded to the temptation to find here the Hebrews who built for Pharaoh the city of Ramses (Exodus i, 2). But Brugsch shows clearly that these Aperin were not Hebrews, but an Erythraean people settled in the nome of Heliopolis, as breeders of horses, mentioned long before in an inscription of Thutmose III as calvary in the king's service, and again under Kings Ramses III and Ramses IV long after the exodus of the Israelites. Another example of hasty identification is the picture in one of the tombs at Beni-Hassan, which was supposed to represent the arrival of the Children of Israel. Dr. Brugsch supplies the true account of this most interesting monument. In both these cases, as in many others, the value of an admirable illustration has been prejudiced by a too hasty assumption of identity.

WHAT ROMANISTS CAN DO AT A CONSECRATION.—New York has a new cathedral, and it has had to be dedicated of course. But no one supposed two years ago, when this beautiful and costly structure was first put to sacred purposes, that its consecration services should

be turned to such peculiar purposes as they were made to answer, and that the chief ecclesiastic who attended to this solemnizing should be Purcell, the bankrupt archbishop of Cincinnati. And it is certainly more than amusing to encounter the different bishops and archbishops, from far and near assembled at this eventful hour, given up not to a lifting of the heavy debt which rests upon the great cathedral, but to a pastoral address asking for subscriptions of the Catholics of the United States of America to enable Purcell to pay his creditors. Fortunately, however, the address carefully avoids all defense and extenuation of the archbishop's management of the funds, and expressly disavows all intention of making the proposed relief a precedent in other cases in which ecclesiastics may get into pecuniary difficulties. The prelates distinctly point out that the movement is simply one of charity toward the archbishop, and the tone of the appeal might be called excellent, if it were not that it seems to impose on the "honor and charity of the creditors" some sort of obligation to meet the promoters of the subscription half-way, "especially as so very large a proportion of the entire debt consists of accumulated compound interest." But then the accumulation of compound interest is an essential feature of the business of savings-banks which the archbishop undertook. All interest not drawn is in law and morals a new loan, and to use the creditor's frugality and forbearance in letting it lie as an argument for his surrendering a part of his whole debt is to put a very unfortunate construction on the prudence of the poor. The assets amount to \$1,181,569, from which must be deducted \$404,798 of "doubtful" and "worthless" notes. The liabilities, after a surrender by some creditors of one-half their claims, amount to \$2,490,881.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—A curious book on the good old times in Berlin has been published by Professor G. Langenscheidt. In the middle of the eighteenth century no one could leave Prussia without a special pass, on penalty of losing the whole of his property; citizens accused of theft or murder were put to the

torture and hanged if they confessed their guilt; even fraudulent bankruptcy was punished by hanging. A boy ten years old was hanged for stealing a street-lantern. The wealthier citizens of Berlin were ordered by the king to build houses in Friedrichstadt. And as these houses generally remained unoccupied, their proprietors were often nearly ruined. The punishment for driving too quickly in the streets was twenty-five blows with a stick, and the king himself used to beat the people of his court, including the princes and princesses, with a long knotty stick of white thorn, which has become historical. The officers thrashed the sergeants, the sergeants the privates, employers their servants. Street fights were of daily occurrence, and the victims were most frequently the police, whose office was considered dishonorable. All appointments in the civil service had to be purchased. The price of a privy councilorship was 500 thalers, of an ordinary councilorship 300 thalers, of a private secretaryship 200 thalers. For salaried posts the price was higher; thus, for an appointment the salary of which was 10 thalers the price was 600 thalers. How few bankruptcies there would be nowadays if hanging were still a penalty, and that on this side of the waters as well as over in Prussia! And how little trouble our President would have from civil service if offices instead of remunerating the holders had to be paid for as an honor granted from the nation! Strange that some one has not yet thought of establishing a custom so remunerative to the state and so relieving to the government. But, of course, hotel-keepers at Washington would oppose any bill proposing such a change. What would become of their business if no lobbying could be and no office-seekers crowding to the capital? The thing is not feasible after all.

WASTING A FORTUNE TO GET ONE.—Now it is the Kern family who have discovered that they are the heirs to a vast estate in Europe, and who "propose to take immediate steps for its recovery." This time the amount awaiting the lucky owners is two hundred million dollars. A cipher or two really makes little difference when you go up into that range of figures. The odd fact about these estates to which American younger branches of noble

English families put in their claim is that millions are reckoned in them as half-pence. The ordinary rich man achieves his hundred thousand or solitary million with difficulty; but besides the Anneke Jans affair there are now the Hamiltons, Shepards, Howards, Lawrences, Hardings, and a dozen others, who have a sure grip on sums ranging from ten to hundreds of millions in Europe, with baronial castles and manors to boot. Aladdin's old lamp was a beggarly fraud beside these golden dreams. If all the claims are ever paid there is danger of depletion in the money markets of foreign capitals, especially if the Kerns come out the winners. It is the King of Holland who owes them their two hundred million dollars, and the king is reported to have rather a scanty income at the best of times, even with the additional sum he rakes in by showing his palace to tourists at a thaler a piece, which goes direct to his privy purse. It is a pity the Kerns should have for their debtor the only sovereign who is driven to such straits. Seriously, it is pitiable to think of the number of deluded men and women in this country whose brains are deranged by these hopes of fabulous wealth. The idea of "a claim," when it takes possession of a family, leads them to insanity, laziness, and general worthlessness, just as certainly as whisky. The only sane man in the party is the member who goes abroad "to look after the matter," and the only one who ever makes a dollar out of it.

BEECHER'S RECOLLECTION OF EARLY NEW ENGLAND METHODISM.—Presiding elder Hill, of New Haven, says that the first Methodist sermon was preached there in 1789, and that the preacher, Jesse Lee, was lodged and fed by David Beecher, grandfather of Henry Ward Beecher. The latter writes of it: "Yes, my father's father's name was David, and his business was a blacksmith. The house in which he lived is still standing, and in good repair, and of the well out of which my fathers drank I, too, have drunken. David Beecher kept student boarders, and was noted for strong common sense and appetite for knowledge. It is said of him that he always kept up with his boarders in any study which they were pursuing. He was married five times. Of the first four I know nothing. The last wife was a Lyman, of Middlefield, Con-

necticut. Hence my father's name. She died in his birth or soon after, and gave him to her sister, Mrs. Lot Benton, of Guilford, Conn.

FOX A SWORD.—There is one word applied to the sword by the writers of the Elizabethan and Shakespearean age; namely, fox, which has been a stumbling-block in the way of all who have attempted to explain it. Many instances of its former use are brought forward by Archdeacon Nares in his valuable glossary. He calls it a familiar and jocular term for a sword, but he scarcely ventures to explain the etymology of the word. He cites the following:

"What would you have, sisters, of a fellow that knows nothing but a basket hilt and an old fox in it?" — *B. Jonson, Bart. Fair*, ii, 6.

"To such animals
Half-hearted creatures as these are, your fox
Unkenne'll'd, with a cholerick ghastly aspect,
On two or three comminatory terms
Would run, etc." — *Ibid.*, *Magn. Lady*, l. 4.

"O what blade is it?"

A Toledo, or an English fox."

— *White Devil, Old Play*, etc.

"A cowardly slave, that dares as well
Eat his fox, as draw it in earnest."

— *Parson's Wedding, Old Play*, xi.

"I wear as sharp steel as another man,
And my fox bites as deep."

— *Beaumont and Fletcher, King and no King*,

"Old foxes are good blades." — *Browne, English Men*.

Nares properly suggests that "fox unkenne'll'd means a sword drawn;" and also, which is not so apparent, that there was a celebrated sword-maker of the name of Fox in those days, or that the blade was browned of a fox color. If we bear in mind, as already shown, that the most celebrated swords had Celtic names, we may find a clew to the English word Fox, which is unmeaning, in the Gaelic *bhuadach*, to conquer, and *bhuadhaicheas* (pronounced *bvaicheas*), a near approach to fox, which signifies victory or conquest. The supposition that this derivation is correct is strengthened by the fact that "foxed" in old song meant intoxicated, conquered, or overcome with liquor. As in the lines from *Poor Robin*, 1738:

Or have their throats with brandy drenched,
Which makes men foxed ere thirst is quenched.

— *All the Year Round*.

MOTHER GOOSE is curiously unknown in literary circles. No English bibliographical work contains her name; she is not either by the name of Goose or Vergoose. In Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," or in Thomas's

"Biographical Dictionary." She was, however, a veritable historical personage. Elizabeth Foster was a woman of Boston town, and became a Goose by marriage, July 5, 1692. What with the children of her husband by a former marriage, ten in number, and her own six in number, and subsequently her grandchildren, and the ditties she gave to the public, she seems to have stood for the portrait of the old woman "who had so many children she did n't know what to do." The first edition of the *Goose Melodies* was published in Boston, entitled "Songs for the Nursery;" or, "Mother Goose's Melodies for Children," in 1719. A very large goose with a very long neck, and a mouth wide open, ornamented the title-page.

SIR RICHARD STEELE, in one of his journeys to Scotland, observed a shepherd on a hill-side pondering over a book. Steele rode up and inquired what he was reading. "The Bible," said the shepherd. "What do you learn from this book?" asked Steele. "I learn from it the way to heaven." "Very well," replied Sir Richard, "I am desirous of going to the same place, and wish you would show me the way." The shepherd moved round and pointed to a conspicuous tower on an eminence, and said, "Weel, sir, ye maun just gang by this tower." Sir Richard was much surprised and demanded what the tower was called. "It is the Tower of Repentance," answered the shepherd. It was so named some centuries ago. A border cavalier, in a fit of remorse, had built a tower to which he gave the name of Repentance. It lies near Hoddam House, in the parish of Cummontrees, and by its eminent situation is rendered a conspicuous object to the country round.

SNAILS AS FOOD.—Snails being great eaters, meet their just reward in being eaten. The paludine forms are sought after by all sorts of water thrushes, and other birds crush the shells of the land snails and extract their juicy bodies. The woodland birds, however, will not eat the naked-bodied slugs. The slime sticks to their beaks and soils their feathers, but the ducks seem to have no such dainty prejudices. Some mammals, like the raccoons and wood-rats, also eat them, insects suck their juices, and the carnivorous slugs prey upon one another. Lastly man, the greatest enemy of the brute creation, employs several species

of snails for culinary purposes. By the Romans they were esteemed a great delicacy, and portions of plantations were set apart for the cultivation of the large edible *Helix pomatia*, where they were fattened by the thousand upon bran sodden in wine. From Italy this taste spread throughout the Old World and colonies are yet found in Great Britain where the Roman encampments were. They are still regarded as a delicacy in Italy and France; the favorite method of preparation, to boil in milk with plenteous seasoning. Frank Buckland says that several of the larger English species are excellent food for hungry people, and recommends them either boiled in milk or, in Winter, raw, after soaking for an hour in salt and water.

THE ART OF LAUGHING.—No doubt the sound of laughter is one of the very earliest and oldest of human cries. It is certainly an astonishing sound, and one that it is very difficult to listen to and analyze without prejudice and a remote feeling of sympathy. The best way to study it that I know is, to seize on opportunities when one is being constantly interrupted, say at one's club, in reading a serious

book, by shouts of laughter from a party of strangers. One can then note the curious variety of spasmodic sounds produced, and marvel that men in the midst of rational conversation should be compelled by necessity to break off suddenly their use of language, and find relief and enjoyment in the utterance of perfectly inarticulate and animal howls, like those of the "long-armed gibbon."

THE FREE RELIGIONISTS.—If the report of the Boston papers have reached us correctly, some very striking things were said the other day at the twelfth annual meeting of the Free Religious Association. Thus Mr. Abbott called for "intellectual unity" among the Free Religionists. We had supposed that there was nothing they would find so disagreeable as a man who entirely agreed with them. And for another Mr. Parton enlivened the occasion by using his religion as a club, armed with which he "went for" such diverse persons as the czar, Bismarck, Joseph Cook, Anthony Comstock, Noah Porter, Moody and Sankey, Turner the painter, and others, and he even so far forgot himself as to speak disrespectfully of our press.

LITERATURE.

OUR missionary reports and correspondences are doing much to familiarize the whole Church with various countries and peoples where our missionaries are at work. And occasionally we have a book from one and another of our workers, resident in or visiting the foreign missions. Such a one we now have just come to hand, by Bishop Wiley, giving a pretty full account of the missions of our Church in China and Japan.* Those who have read the bishop's letters in the *Advocate* or heard his addresses on these subjects have had some taste of the character of the book, but only a taste, for the whole has been thoroughly revised and reproduced, with a

large amount of matter never before given added. Its narrative form makes it the more lively and piquant, while on the thread of the story is hung a great amount of historical, descriptive and statistical information. We have all along thought ourselves pretty well posted on our Chinese and Japanese mission work; but after reading these accounts we felt that surely this work is greater than we have appreciated. The book is well made, as are all the issues of the Western Book Concern, beautifully printed and profusely illustrated.

GREEN'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, of which the third volume* is just issued, is already an assured success. The first volume, beginning with the earliest times comes down to

* CHINA AND JAPAN. A Record of Observations made During a Residence of Several Years in China, and a Tour of Official Visitation to the Missions in both Countries in 1877-78. By Rev. I. W. Wiley, D. D., Bishop, etc. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 12mo. Pp. 648.

* HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By John Richard Green. Volume III, Puritan England, 1603-1660. The Revolution, 1660-1688. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 451.

1461, the last date being distinguished as that of the development of the power of the Parliament. The second, 1461-1603, is devoted first to the "Monarchy," especially as it was under the first and second Tudors (Henry VII and Henry VIII) with Wolsey and Cromwell as chief figures, and second to the "Reformation" coming down to 1603, with Elizabeth just passing from the throne.

Mr. Green's work is rather sharply distinguished from most others of its class by strict adherence to its special purpose and character as indicated in its title. It is a *history* not of *England*—that is, the state or kingdom, with its political and military affairs—but of the "English people," the real nation, with its material and social conditions, its industries and commerce, its finances and manufactures, the growth of law and of liberty, the religions of the people at various dates and their learning and culture, the growth of a national literature, of poetry and prose, the romance and the drama, of the Church, in the broad sense of that term, which embraces the Christian organisms of the nations, and the schools, colleges, and other learned associations, all of which things together constitute the outward expression of the existing civilization of the nation.

The writer's methods of executing his purpose are happily conceived and successfully executed. The divisions into periods seem to conform to the order of the great historical epochs of the country, and the selection and discussion of topics are exceedingly happily done. Whoever carefully studies these volumes will become informed respecting the growth and attainments of the country, quite as well as respecting its wars and political changes, its dynasties, and the names and public acts of its rulers. The "people" in their aggregate unity is the object that is kept steadily in the reader's thoughts, and to give the history of this composite subject is the one object aimed at, whether the special narrative is of kings or armies, or of less striking things. In these particulars it is unlike Froude, and even Lecky, philosophical and critical as he is, deals much less fully and clearly with the "English People."

THOSE who have made the acquaintance of Rev. Cunningham Geikie, through his "Life

and Words of Christ," and then come to observe of what spirit he is, will be pleased to have from his pen a work on the "English Reformation."* Mr. Geikie is one of that class of English Churchmen who believe that their Church is really *Protestant* and that the victories won against Rome in the great Reformation of the sixteenth century ought not now to be thrown away. He accordingly sketches English Church history during the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Queen Mary, with a closing glance into the final establishment of the Reformation in England. Mr. Geikie shows very clearly, as every one at all read in English history knows, that the work of the English Reformers was no half-way affair, but a thorough regeneration, and a complete sundering from Rome, no less in devotions and ceremonials than in organic government. The history here given is a note of alarm against the Romanizing tendencies in the Church of England and in the *Protestant* Episcopal Church in this country, which threaten at once the purity of the faith and the stability of the government. The "Introduction" to the American edition sounds out this alarm in no uncertain tones. We trust the book may be widely circulated and carefully read.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT's Illustrated Commentary on the New Testament advances apace. We have now in hand St. John's Gospel,† making a volume by itself, the third of the series, and to be followed by yet another on the Acts. The work is designed not so much for critical readers and professional Biblical scholars as for "the people, families, and the great body of Christian workers," and it seems well adapted to the wants of the classes designated, judiciously arranged, sufficiently learned, orthodox and evangelic, Calvinistic with all the peculiarities of Calvinism omitted. We can heartily commend these books as especially suited for the uses named. It is dedicated in

*THE ENGLISH REFORMATION: How it came about and why we should uphold it. By Cunningham Geikie, D. D. Author of the "Life and Words of Christ." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. Pp. 512.

†AN ILLUSTRATED COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN. For Family Use and Reference, and for the Great Body of Christian Workers of All Denominations. By Lyman Abbott, D. D. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, Chicago, and New Orleans. 8vo. Pp. 245.

a decidedly handsome manner to the author's father, the venerable Jacob Abbott.

THE late Dr. C. S. Henry of the Smithsonian Institute occupied a kind of middle ground between scientific negationists and orthodox believers; and, as was to be expected, his dissent from the latter applies especially to the doctrines of the future life. A little work of his,* in the form of a letter to a friend, has been recently given to the public, in which the writer gives expressions to his doubts respecting the generally accepted and traditional opinions respecting man's hereafter. It is throughout a "dubitation," rather than a creed. He accepts the doctrines of future punishment, "hopes" for a final universal restoration, favors the notion of future probation, of a purgatory in fact, but not after the Romish pattern, and feels after rather than finds some kind of natural connection between "pain and penitence." It is a work most aptly fitted to increase rather than relieve a class of doubts with which many ingenuous minds are afflicted. It tends to remove faith and to leave in its place only the absence of hope.

"O star-eyed science, hast thou wandered here
To waft us home this message of despair?"

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE GREEK OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, by Professor George L. Cary, of the Meadville Theological School (Unitarian), seems to be a thoroughly scholarly work; but it is one to be studied in order to be properly understood. We like its appearance after a cursory view of it, and think it will prove helpful to real students of the New Testament. Andover: W. F. Draper. 12mo. Pp. 65.

"THE Lord's Prayer" will ever be a fruitful and consolatory theme for pious meditation, for it is no less a message of richest promises than of devout supplications. It is therefore well-adapted for religious instruction, whether in public or private. To aid in this good work Dr. G. D. Boardman, whose "Creative Week" will be remembered, has prepared a series of meditations and exposition of this wonderful production, which he gives to the public in a

*THE ENDLESS FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE. A Letter to a Friend. By C. S. Henry, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. Pp. 75.

neat volume* divided into nine sections or parts, each devoted to its specific portion. It is a book to be read thoughtfully, in "the still hour." The make-up of the volume is worthy of the matter contained.

MUSIC books for Sunday-schools, and other religious occasions, less formal than the Sunday services of the Churches, have come to be greatly in vogue, through the combined agencies of the modern Sunday-school, and the revival meetings à la Moody and Sankey. Two of those are now before us, *Joy to the World*, by O'Kane, McCabe and Sweeney, published by Hitchcock & Walden, and *Coronation Hymns and Songs*, by Dr. Deems and T. E. Perkins, published by A. S. Barnes & Co. Both of them are fairly good of their class, neither worse nor better than their multitudinous predecessors, and apparently they have no other excuse for their existence than that they bring gain to somebody.

A SINGLE poem, filling more than a hundred pages, ought to possess rare excellence in order to justify its own existence. Such a poem is *Hilda*, by Hannah A. Foster (J. B. Lippincott & Co), as to its length. The versification is smooth, and in accord with the rules of the poetical art. Of its character as a genuine specimen of the Song of the Muses, we are not prepared to speak positively. Probably it has merits that will never be duly appreciated.

Saved at Sea. A Light-house Story, by Mrs. O. F. Walton (Robert Carter and Bros.), is a tender, but wholesome little story of life among sea-going folk, with accompanying adventures and vicissitudes. A second story, "Little Dot," makes the last third part of the book. 18mo. Pp. 150. 50 cents.

Harper's Half-Hour Series: has No. 105. Swift, Congreve, Addison, and Steele. By W. M. Thackeray. No. 106. Prior, Gay, Pope, Hogarth, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith. By W. M. Thackeray. No. 108. Lord Bacon, by Lord Macaulay.

Franklin Square Library: No. 59. John Halifax, Gentleman. By Miss Mulock. No. 60. Orange Lily. By May Crommelin. No. 61. Impressions of Theophrastus Such. By George Eliot.

*STUDIES IN THE MODEL PRAYER. By George D. Boardman, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Sold by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

EX CATHEDRA.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

WHEN, a few weeks ago, the eventful career of the great apostle of abolition whose name is above written was terminated by his death the press, the platform, and the pulpit of the country united to speak of him in unmixed and almost unmeasured laudations. Our turn at the subject comes only after it has passed from the stage of the funeral eulogium to that of the quiet obituary; it is needful, therefore, that we speak guardedly, and to some extent decide judicially in estimating the conduct and character of the distinguished decedent. This we may do without for a moment questioning the popular verdict that he was really a great man, possessed of many excellent qualities; and that he displayed, among the most trying conditions, a very high degree of moral courage; and that all his life through he was especially distinguished for his unselfish devotion to what he conceived to be the right, and for his earnest sympathy for the wronged and oppressed. And the possession of these characteristics might, if necessary, compensate for other and incidental faults or failures.

For nearly half a century Mr. Garrison was a somewhat conspicuous figure in our public affairs. When his earnest soul, at his opening manhood, and while he was still unsophisticated by conventionalisms, looked out upon society he detected the presence and the tacitly accepted rightfulness of slavery; but failing to see it in that light, either politically or morally, he ventured to express his doubts and even to denounce it as wrong and indefensible. And when these honest utterances of his convictions were censured as unwise and even dangerous, his distrust changed to alarm, and he spoke out still more decidedly and earnestly. The monstrous spectacle of Americans and Christians apologizing for and even defending slavery aroused all his better nature to denounce the great wrong, and to show its outrageous iniquity. Like multitudes of intelligent and conscientious young men he found himself, by the natural instincts of his soul, opposed to slavery; but, unlike most others, he refused to stifle his convictions, and to sophisticate his understanding at the behest of a debauched public

opinion. He accordingly became an abolitionist at a time and among circumstances which rendered his being known and recognized as such no light affair.

Just when he was coming into active life, fifty years ago, the antislavery movement began to be felt, very feebly and faintly indeed, but still really; and such was the vitality of its spirit that it proved itself to be irrepressible. The completeness of the ascendancy of the proslavery element in all the country, and its undisputed dominance in all matters—political, social, and ecclesiastical—is simply marvelous, and such as can not now be appreciated. And against this well-conditioned order of affairs the early abolitionists made war; and of all the champions in that crusade the foremost place was willingly conceded to William Lloyd Garrison, whose *Liberator* sounded the tocsin and shouted the host on to the battle. That was the martyr stage of the antislavery Gospel, and it was not without its proper amount of persecutions, even unto death, its proscriptions for opinion's sake, with a corresponding number of confessors and martyrs. And abiding their time, some of them lived to see the triumph of their cause; and now another generation—the children of their persecutors—are busily engaged in “building the tombs of the prophets.” As the past age was incapable of doing justice to the motives and characters of such men, so now the present is but poorly qualified to estimate them with judicial fairness.

The history of the crusade against American slavery is at once wonderful and highly suggestive, with not a few points about it that remind one of the early struggles of Christianity, and its final triumph in the Roman Empire; though at some points are found contrasts instead of parallels. Especially does it illustrate the sufficiency of free discussion to vindicate the truth and to assert the right, in the face of the most formidable and thoroughly compacted opposition. It equally, plainly, and forcibly shows the futility and madness of attempting to repress the growth of convictions and of the conscientious condemnation of detected wrongs by violence and per-

secutions. The violence of mobs and the social ostracisms that were visited upon the early apostles of antislavery, the unanimous denunciations vented by politicians of all parties, and the strongly expressed disfavor of nearly all the Churches of the land against the agitation of the subject proved scarcely more effective towards staying the rising tide of antislavery than were the commands of King Canute or the broom of Mrs. Partington towards keeping back the incoming of the tide. The iniquity of slavery was patent, and could not be hidden, when once attention was directed to it; and all who were not interested in the perpetuation of the wrong were sure to become its enemies, whenever called to the conflict. That came at length, and the end followed. While that conflict was in its midway stages there was a very general complaint among sober and thoughtful people—including not a few who in their judgments and consciences were opposed to slavery—that the antislavery leaders were unnecessarily and unjustly violent in their denunciations of those whom they opposed. Very severe things were uttered against the great men of the country, in both state and Church, against the civil government and the organic Christianity of the land, against our civil institutions, and, in some notable instances, against the Bible and the Christian religion. These things are not to be ignored nor justified, and it can not be denied that the early leaders of the antislavery movement were no more faultless, as to either their spirit or their methods, than have been most other reformers. But while we would neither cover up nor indeed palliate their faults, it is but just to consider their circumstances, and to make due allowances for their unusual provocations. If, as the highest authority has said, "Oppression maketh the wise man mad," then had these men abundantly sufficient reasons for their madness. Quite possibly, too, but for their violence the public mind could not have been aroused from its lethargy to apprehend the dangerous atrocity of the system of slavery.

We claim to be among the admirers of Mr. Garrison, and we have rendered our silent *amens* to the words of praise that have been uttered in his memory. But something is also due to the truth of history which has not been rendered. References have been made to Mr. Garrison's "deeply religious nature," and

none will deny that he possessed something of that character, and yet it is well known that his attitude toward Christianity was for a long time—in his middle life—any thing but friendly. Let it be granted that he had good reasons for being dissatisfied with the Churches of the land, still that could not justify him in turning away from the religion which he declared they practically repudiated and dishonored. And yet it is well known that he on several occasions consorted with scoffers and profane persons in their attacks on Christianity. In 1853 we saw him actively engaged in an infidel convention at Hartford, presided over by Joseph Barker, then in the infidel stage of his career, and largely directed by A. J. Davis,—the ostensible purpose of the assembly being to discuss the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, but its practical work was to ridicule and denounce Christianity in all its forms and phases. At that time it seemed to us that Mr. Garrison's "deeply religious nature" was suffering a deplorable "occultation." We rejoice to be assured that from that aberration he again returned to his early and better religious feelings and faith.

The cause of antislavery had its confessors and martyrs who were able to suffer for their convictions, and now that their cause has triumphed, the very men who were "consenting to their death" are loudest and most indiscriminating in their praises. But while these "confessors and martyrs" (whose laurels we would make only more green) were witnessing for their cause, by denouncing the Church and speaking dishonorably of religion, another class, as true antislavery men as themselves were fighting the battle inside of the Church, and vindicating the good name of religion against the dishonor cast upon it by its unfaithful or mistaken professors. By these, of whose services but little is ever heard, more than by any others, was the cause of abolition under God saved from being wrecked, through unskillful pilotage.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

NEAR the first day of June last, a stranger of much more than ordinary distinction arrived at our chief seaport, on his journey from his own home in North Britain to that of his son in Canada,—the Duke of Argyle, in whose veins flows the bluest blood of the British no-

bility. He came unheralded, except by the least ostentatious newspaper announcement, that he had embarked from England, and his brief stay in New York was the quietest possible,—and after two days of rest the ducal party passed away, as silently as they had come. The really great have no need of ostentation and they may very naturally desire to be spared the annoyance of public displays. There is often a great deal of pride covered up under the appearance of humility, and that is the highest form of egotism, which becomes careless alike of admiration and censure. We would not, however, suspect the great Duke of Argyle of undue self-esteem; his whole history vindicates him against such a suspicion.

The presence of such a notable personage on this side of the ocean leads one to ask who he is, or if that is already well known, to pass the mind over his personal history, and also the history and character of the noble stock which he represents. The mere newspaper scholar has heard of that somewhat unusual occurrence—the marriage of one of Queen Victoria's daughters to the young Marquis of Lorne, the son and heir apparent of the Duke of Argyle—and how it is said that when this event was told by one Scotsman to another, Sawney answered with perfect candor, "The queen has a right to be a proud woman for it." And he was not after all so very far from being right, since the house of Argyle may boast of an ancestry such as the royal house of England can make no pretense to; for while these were only a set of third-class German princes—sowing turnips and hoeing cabbages in Hanover, the Campbells were chieftains of one of the noblest and bravest clans in Scotland. And, indeed, long before the Norman adventurer who brought the name of Campbell over the Tweed had crossed the British Channel, the Macallums—upon whose stock that of the Campbells was at length grafted—were known and feared in both Scotland and England.

The history of the Campbells in Scotland is both curious and interesting. The old Scotch guidwife, who, upon finding in the book of Job the story of his three thousand camels, exclaimed, "Then the caumels must be an auld clan," was not quite right, for in fact the Campbells, by that name, are indeed among the most recent of the great clans of North Britain. The story runs somewhat after this

fashion: Among the adventurers who followed the Norman conqueror into England was Gilesie la Camile, who afterwards engaged in the service of the king of Scotland, and in that service he also, with the good fortune that is characteristic of his adopted countrymen,

"Won the Lady of the North,
The daughter of Macallum More,"

a chieftain than whom there was no greater in all Scotland, and the leader of a clan second to no other in prowess and renown. And to the honors of that formidable chieftain, "the adventurous Norman," his son-in-law, succeeded. From him the clan received the name of Campbell, by which it has since been known. Our readers must go to their books of history to learn the details of the process by which the leaders of the Campbells who still cherish the name of Macallum More became dukes of Argyle, with the wild and extensive regions of Dumbartonshire and Lorne, and the Western Islands for their territories.

During the times of the civil wars the Campbells were found co-operating with the Parliamentary party, and in the reign of the second James the head of the clan became compromised in the attempt to make Monmouth king. Archibald Campbell, ninth duke of Argyle, whose father had been put to death after the restoration, himself a rigid Presbyterian and Covenanter, with great difficulty compelled himself to accept the new order of things; and when the standard of the Pretender was raised in the Highlands he threw himself unreservedly into the conflict. The failure of that ill-conceived and unfortunate enterprise, and his capture and execution followed in quick succession, and it was in connection with the tragedy of his death that the name of Argyle received its highest renown. The prospect of death caused him no alarm. He asked no clemency of the government for himself, but spent most of the few days allowed him between his condemnation and his execution in efforts in behalf of his clanmen. The day on which he was to die he dined at the usual time, conversing freely and cheerfully with those about him; and, as was his custom, after dinner, he lay down for a brief slumber. A privy councillor came to bring him a message, and demanded to be admitted to his chamber, where he was astonished to find the great man sleep-

ing in his irons, as quietly as an infant in its cradle. This event, "The Last Sleep of Argyle," has not only become historical, but also legendary, and the artists, statuaries, painters, and poets, have found in it an appropriate subject for their several arts, and the world, with one accord, does honor to his name and memory.

The present duke is not only the worthy representative of the ancient and renowned stock of Mac Allum More (the great Mac Allan), who was the friend and supporter of Bruce; but he is himself at once the head of the British aristocracy, and also a man of remarkable personal qualities. He is the recognized leader of the Liberal party in the House of Lords; the friend of Gladstone and Bright, and, of course, the opponent of Beaconsfield, whom, though his peer, he can not fail to look upon as the parvenu, who has won his place simply by the arts of the adventurer. True to his inherited religious instincts and to the traditions of his family, he is a *Presbyterian*; we have heard it said, but can not vouch for its truth, that he is a *ruling elder*.

With such an ancestral record behind him, and in consideration of both the antiquity and the high character of his family, one may conclude that the Scotchman was not far out of the way when he judged that in the marriage of the future representative of the House of Argyle to a younger daughter of the descendant of the Elector of Hanover, the favor was not all on the side of the royal bride.

But with all the greatness of his ancestral renown the duke seems to be especially ambitious for great mental achievements, and of the honors that are the rewards of only eminent personal qualities and attainments. He has been a severe student, and is a man of large and various scholarship. As an author he has added new luster to his own great name, by his really valuable and clever work on "The Reign of Law," and, also, though in a less degree, by that on "Primeval Man." The great scientists of England, both Christian and skeptical, confess him as a worthy ally or a respectable antagonist. As a public speaker he has few living equals; and

especially in the House of Lords, he is confessed, on all hands to have no superior, if indeed any rival.

His visit to our shores is said to be strictly unofficial, to see his son and heir in his seat of vice-regency, and perhaps to look upon our own land, as well as the "Dominion" over which his son presides; and no doubt with his keen powers of perception and appreciation, to see the many great natural wonders of our continent. But as he came without being heralded, and is moving about without display, so, perhaps, before these lines come under the eyes of the reader, he will have quietly gone back to his own country and peoples. Europe has at no time sent to us a more illustrious visitor (our guest he does not consent to be) than he who has thus come and gone without parade or display, as perhaps only such as he could afford to have done.

A FRIENDLY REJOINER.

OUR good brother of the *Northern Christian Advocate* calls us to account for the remarks in our June number about the silence of our weeklies on all questions touching the polity and administration of the Church's affairs, and claims that such has not been the case so far as he and his paper are concerned. In this he is correct. In our very brief remarks we expressed only a general truth, to which there might be exceptions; and as the *Northern* is in reality such an exception, it, agreeably to the well-known maxim, proves the general correctness of our position. We are pleased, also, to see in the columns of that paper evidence that it is still open to discussion. While agitation is not desirable for its own sake, it is often necessary as the only alternative to a dangerous disregard in respect to existing possibilities of harm. Wholesome conditions and well ordered affairs are not endangered by the closest scrutiny; an unwillingness to be examined is good ground for suspicion of unsoundness among those who show it. There is genuine wisdom and suggestions of safety, in somebody's aphorism which runs—The ferment of the free is better than the quiet of despotism.